FEBRUARY 1987

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
MIAMI VICE'S
DON JOHNSON

MINI-SERIES QUEEN
JANE SEYMOUR

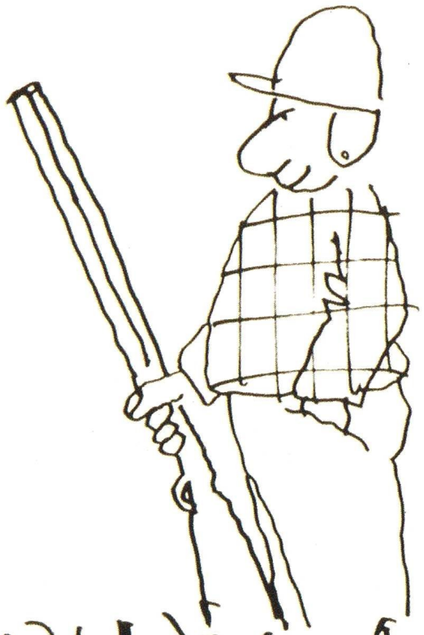
12 METRES
WHY THEY COST SO MUCH

CAR OF THE FUTURE

SEX WITH AN EX

UNPUBLISHED
NUDES OF

MARILYN
MONROE



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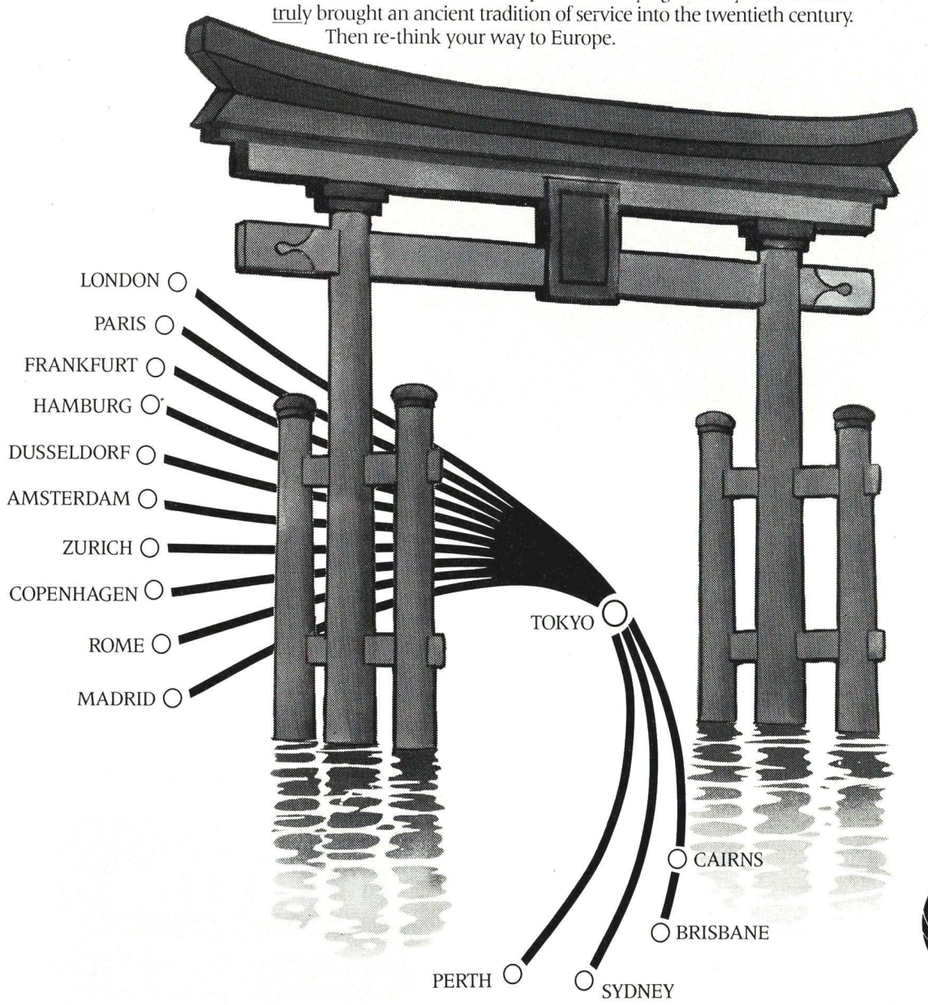

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PLAYBILL

Welcome aboard our February issue of Australian PLAYBOY. It's the hottest month of the year, America's Cup fever has reached full pitch and we've decided to give you a ripper party you can hold in your hands.

And wait until you see our guest list. Heading the all-star cast is *Miami Vice*'s Don Johnson. The unshaven star of one of TV's most popular shows is the subject of this month's probing Playboy Interview. Veteran interviewer **David Sheff** tackles Johnson on topics like sex, rock'n'roll, TV fame and his history of drug abuse. You'll find it an intimate and gossipy read.

Becky LeBeau would be welcome at *any* party. **Michael Ancher**'s pictorial of the awesome Miss LeBeau reveals why this bouncy young lady is way out in front on the international modelling scene. Of more demure proportions but equally as lovely is Jane Seymour, the uncrowned queen of the TV mini-series. Her delightful *Enchantress* pictorial was shot by **Richard Fegley**. You'd be mad to turn away Playmate Of The Month Heidi Fuller from any bash and we're sure Missy Manners would also get your vote. This one-time campaigner for Reagan's Republican Party is now a porn movie star with such hot flicks as *Behind The Green Door — The Sequel* to her credit. The sizzling shots are by **Arny Freytag**.

That was just the lead-up. Marilyn Monroe, who was Playmate Of The Month in the very first issue of PLAYBOY, shows up again in newly discovered photographs and artwork from the late calendar artist **Earl Moran**'s private archives. And unique insights into the tragic Monroe are provided in a special essay by **Hugh Hefner**.

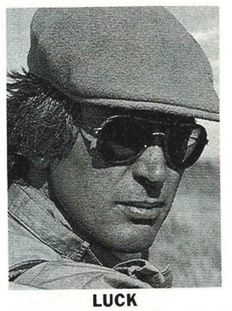
That takes care of the women. But what to do if an ex-lover turns up to help you celebrate? **Liz Brody**'s *Sex With An Ex* reveals that rekindling an old flame can, in fact, tell you a lot about yourself. Thanks to **Donna Cross** for some, er, ex-cellent artwork.

How much has it really cost for syndicates to get their America's Cup challenge craft into the water? On the eve of the big race, **Rik Dovey** has done some serious sleuthing to shed some light on those final balance sheets. The streamlined artwork is by **Stephen Davis**. In our Sport column, **Nick Carroll** takes a humorous look at the America's Cup from a spectator's point of view. His verdict? As a mass-appeal sporting display, the race is about as accessible as the upper reaches of the Amazon. Better to stay at home in front of the telly. No harm, though, in dressing the part: check out **Vitek**'s *Seaworthy*, a nautical but nice fashion spread of smooth-sailing gear.

In the motoring pages, **Rob Luck** looks ahead to the year 2050 and the sort of vehicle we can expect to be driving next century. In the firmly here-and-now, **Richard Beckett** writes about good ol' gin in the Booze column, **Steve Bunk**'s Men page is about the age-old curse of jealousy, the Women column by **Cynthia Heimel** explores the complex topic of female competitiveness and the Money page by **Seth Gregory** gives the lowdown on planning a day-to-day budget that really works.

Roald Dahl of *Tales Of The Unexpected* fame has written us a terrific short story. His *The Bookseller* is illustrated by **Charles Bragg** and we think it's one of Dahl's best. While on the subject of best, we have assembled a guide to some of the world's most superior commodities. Check out *The Best* and discover the ultimate car, holiday, screen kiss, chocolate bar and a host of life's other desirables. It's not all about price, either. Best is all to do with quality: that gleam of perfection, that moment when someone finally got it right.

Hey, here it *is*! The *best* reading you'll get all month. Until next time, that is.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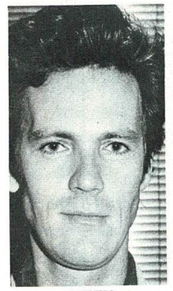
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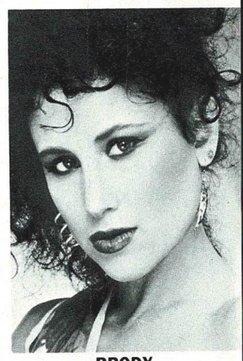
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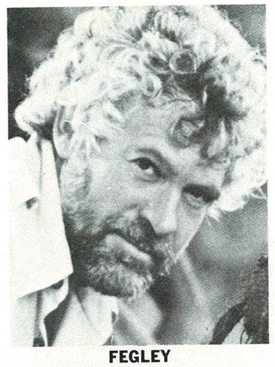
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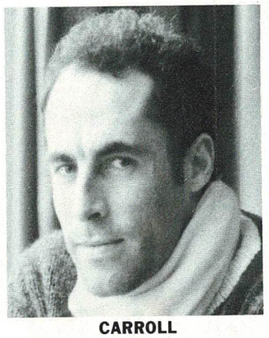
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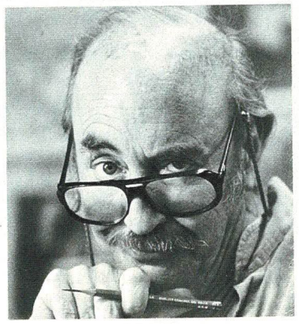
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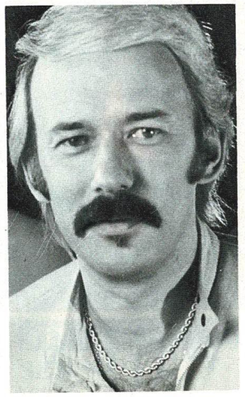
ANCHER

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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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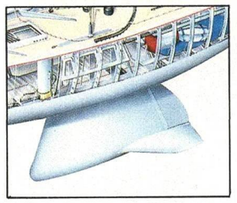
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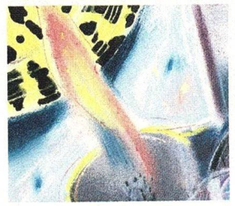
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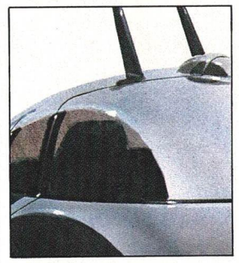
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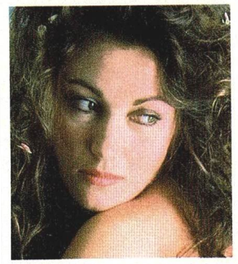
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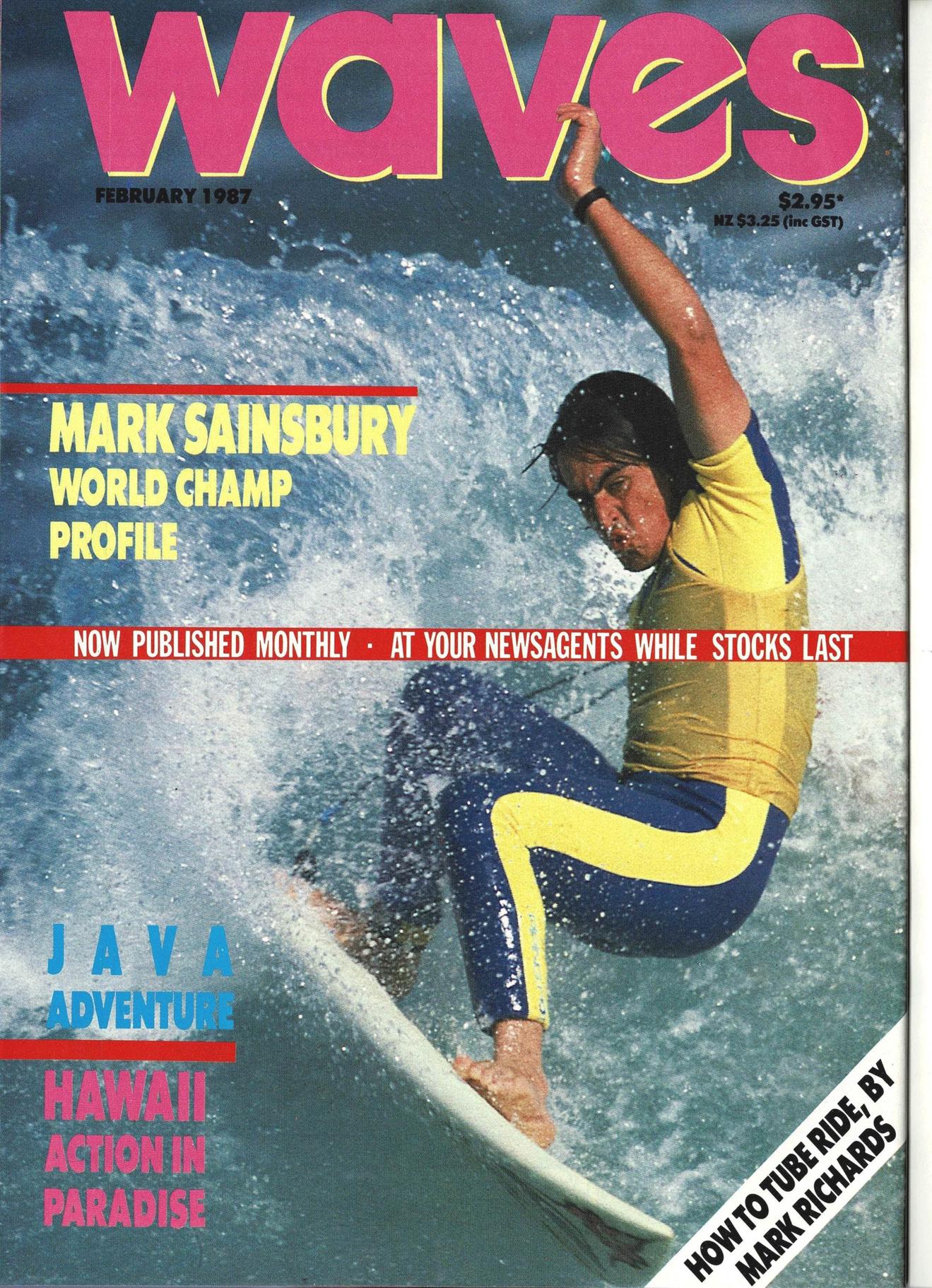

DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

THE PRIZZIS

I must congratulate you on revealing something I really wanted to know. I refer to your story *Prizzi's Family* in the October issue. I'd seen *Prizzi's Honor* (bravo!) but was in the dark about Maerose's motives toward the charming Charley.

Maerose sure ain't pathetic. She's just stuck on what she considers to be a good thing. And Australian PLAYBOY is a definite good thing too!

Jodee Hurst,
Caveside, Tas.

Prizzi's Honor is one of the best films of all time and I'm one of Jack Nicholson's greatest fans. So, while I enjoyed reading the prequel *Prizzi's Family* in October Australian PLAYBOY, I was appalled at Robert Risko's caricature of Jack. And that's not to mention poor Anjelica Huston's nose.

Was this really the only way Risko could execute recognisable likenesses of these two great stars?

S.J.,
Bathurst, NSW.

SOCCER SUPERSTAR

The interview in your December issue with Craig Johnston was just terrific. To think that one of the stars of the greatest club team in the world got where he is by simply going to England off his own bat and asking for a trial! And clearly he wasn't a success from the outset — if he hadn't had that unquenchable desire to be up there with the best he'd have come home with his tail between his legs.

It makes you wonder what qualities are needed to make a superstar. Obviously a lot of people in the know would have told Johnston he just didn't have it in his early days, quite apart from those who tried to sabotage him after he'd begun to prove himself. Yet he fought on until there was no denying his claims to a permanent place in the Liverpool side.

I suppose the most disappointing aspect of all this is that the powers-that-be in Australia behaved no better than his detractors in England, and by failing to move heaven and earth to get him in our representative side, have probably missed out on the best soccer player Australia has ever produced. Unfortunately, as a result, we are destined to remain a third-class soccer nation for the foreseeable future.

F.R.,
Warrawee, NSW.

IT'S IN THE STARS

I thought Susan Kurosawa had to be joking when I read her witty Women column in December on star signs, but then I recently started going with a Scorpio lady who I thought was very demure, only to find there was a lot of truth in what she wrote.

So, Susan, as a wild and passionate Pisces, I guess we know where you get all the raw material for your, shall I say, titillating articles!

D.D.,
Townsville, Qld.

PRETTY CORAL

The lovely Coral Hampstead certainly made a grand finale to 1986! Loved her on the cover of your December issue and the pictorial inside, *Coral Viewing*, was one of the most, well, stimulating you've yet produced.

Full marks to photographer John Kelly! Can you run another pic or do I have to buy a glass-bottomed boat?

P.I.,
Ingham, Qld.

Here's that pic. . . and we still maintain no one ever saw anything this pretty from a glass-bottomed boat — Ed.

HOT PROPERTY

Miss December, Donna Edmondson, is a real estate agent? What a hot property! It's enough to make me want to sell my house! The only real estate agents I've ever dealt with have had moustaches and big feet. And you should have seen the male ones!

Name withheld,
Mentone, Vic.

And we should wonder why you want your name withheld — Ed.

WHAT A BUCK UP

I loved the Men column by Nick Carroll on that great tradition of the buck's night in the December issue. It reminded me of my own. My mates almost got me divorced before I was married.

They had me so plastered I fell asleep on the floor of a mate's flat. When I woke on the morning of my wedding, I was stark naked and someone had painted pink fluorescent stripes on my dick. Thank heavens it was water-based paint! Unfortunately, I didn't get rid of my hangover quite so easily.

P.S. I *did* get married.

Paul L.,
Church Point, NSW.

Thanks to all our readers who wrote in about Nick Carroll's column. If you have a horrendous tale of your buck's night send it in to us and we will pay $25 for the best — Ed.

SPORTS BRATS

Welcome back, A.D. Aird! It's good to see you on the scene again in December Australian PLAYBOY with a first-rate interview *and* a controversial Sport column.

Mind you, I'm not sure how far I go along with you in your argument about the bad boys of sport. For every temperamental character such as McEnroe there's been someone who betrayed no emotion, like Lew Hoad. For every showman genius such as Muhammad Ali there's been a humble but great champion, like Joe Louis. For every thorough bad-hat such as Sonny Liston there's been an invincible gentleman, like Jesse Owens.

The thing that worries me about guys like McEnroe is that they use their antics to unsettle their opponent. Okay, it's all part of the great art of gamesmanship and an iceman like Borg could always turn that childish behavior against McEnroe and wipe the floor with him. But ultimately I'd rather see an apparently great player like McEnroe win on sporting prowess alone, the way it used to be.

R.L.,
North Sydney, NSW.

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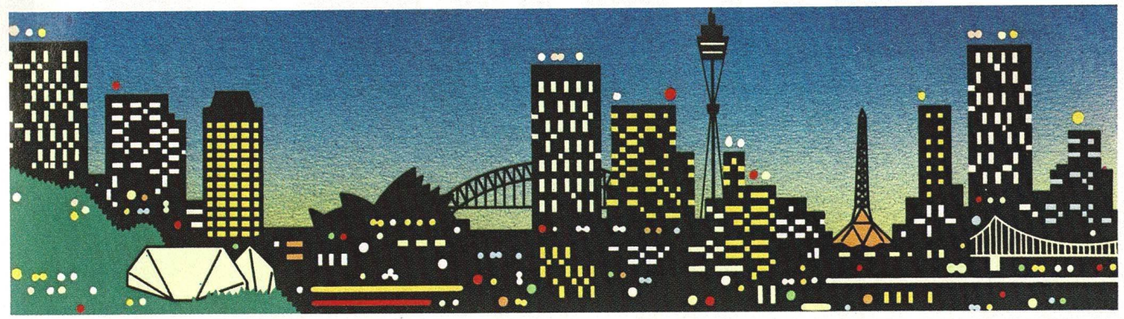
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WHORES' SENSE

An interesting little journal has come our way called *Working Girl*, the organ (if you'll pardon the expression) of the Prostitutes Collective in Adelaide. Described as a national focus on prostitutes' rights and affiliated with the International Wages For Housework Campaign, the US Prostitutes Collective and the English Collective Of Prostitutes, it touches on a number of down-to-earth subjects. As well as a description of genital warts, it includes a consumer report on a type of condom, about which it says: "The best way to use them is inside out so that the clients get extra stimulation — a great help for fellows who claim that condoms cut down their sensitivity and so can't cum (sic). Super for your older clients."

Another useful item (and clearly a regular feature) is PRICK OF THE MONTH!, which needs no comment from us: "Seems we have a certain bearded taxi driver round town who always pleads poverty — in the nicest possible way, of course! When he's got you in the room for the minimum only — he goes for the lot. Bangs on for ages, trying to break the condom. Bites ears and neck, *HARD*. If by chance you score him for your lift home, he'll try for the old service-for-service deal. Steer clear, ladies — not worth the money (minimal anyway). Give us a call if you'd like some more identifying info."

So that takes care of him. But we were touched by one poignant item on AIDS, which says that the AIDS Program at the STD clinic wants to put regular information in *Working Girl*, but the bloke who was organising it is sick this time. We hope. . . no, surely not. . . we will indeed watch for further information.

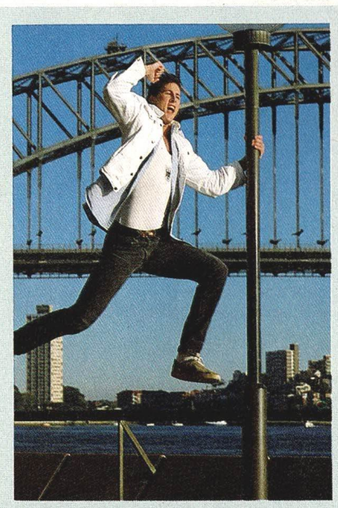
STOP IT OR YOU'LL GO BLIND

Ultrasensitivity to light is a well-known side-effect of zinc deficiency, says Liz Hodgkinson, author of the book, *Sex Is Not Compulsory*. Since masturbation and intercourse are known to deplete the body's zinc supply, Hodgkinson concludes that the folk belief that masturbation causes blindness may hold a kernel of truth.

Those who wish can still keep doing it till they need glasses!

IF I CAN'T HAVE HER, NO ONE DID

Hell hath no fury like a lover scorched. John Sergio of Waukee, Iowa, was charged with fourth degree theft for breaking into his former girlfriend's home and stealing the cremated remains of her late husband.



MISSION BEACH COMPETITION

We are now happy to announce the lucky winner of our fabulous Mission Beach competition in which readers had the chance to win a seven-day holiday for two in North Queensland's tropical paradise. Chris de Weaver is a model with a leading Sydney agency. Looks quite pleased, doesn't he?

DON'T TOUCHA MY SIGN!

The new multi-lingual anti-littering signs in central Sydney have proved a source of intense amusement to the city's Italian population. Whoever the council employed to translate the messages was either totally illiterate or revelling in an enormous joke.

Here's what the notices announce in English: "Notice. Do not dump rubbish here. Littering is an offence. Maximum penalty $100. Offenders will be prosecuted without prior warning."

Straightforward stuff? Well, here's the translation of the Italian signs: "News. Not to empty nonsense here. Messily is an offsense. The maximum penalty is $100. Aggressor to want be going on. With without deputy abbot notice."

To date, the council, let alone the deputy abbot, has been unavailable for comment on this bi-lingual bungling.

WHY DIDN'T THEY CALL IT A THAI?

Be warned: Don't invite Saeng-ravi Asavarak and Duangduan Jithaisong to the same restaurant opening. These two Bangkok beauty contestants were involved in an ugly scene at the recent Miss Thailand World '86 pageant.

Although Saeng-ravi won, her fellow contestants apparently found her lacking in the congeniality category. During her victory promenade she was attacked by outraged lovelies who preferred first runner-up Duangduan.

As a stunned audience of 2000 looked on, swarming beauty competitors removed the winner's sash and crown and awarded them to also-ran Duangduan. Saeng-ravi smiled through it all, bravely ignoring charges that she'd had a nose job and wore false eyelashes.

PROTECTING YOUR SOURCES

In a story we read recently about abuse of the elderly, a newspaper quoted: "Mrs K — not her real initial."

SURF'S UP. . . OR SOMETHING

We hear that among Hawaii's famous surf beaches is one that rejoices in the name of Pray For Sex. Here the young bodyboarder is wont to perform off-the-lip 360s, aeriollos and cutback rolls. Just in case you didn't know, the aeriollo is a through-the-lip with a spiralling flip, while to perform a cutback el rollo, you must bottom turn inside the tube and up into the lip, finishing off with an inverted el rollo or a through-the-lip roll, depending on speed or position.

Bloody perverts!

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BOOZE

Gin is the prince of summer spirits. But don't let some lunatic barman serve it to you as a cocktail.

I don't quite know why it is, but high summer, rather than deep winter, seems to bring out the idiot in any amateur bartender. In other words, dog days seem to produce dog drinks.

The nastiest concoction that has so far passed my lips in this period of cold prawns and even colder beer is something called an orange fizz. It consists of two measures of gin, some orange juice, and a full measure of that potently delicious aniseed aperitif known as Pernod, plus the usual additions of ice, sifted sugar and soda water.

Now Pernod poured over ice, with the addition of a little cold water, is a terrific summer drink all by itself. It's known in my tired and emotional circle as grown-up aniseed balls. But to mix the stuff with gin and orange juice is an act of simple madness. It has everything to do with the Australian trend toward cocktails that I mentioned just over a year ago now. But although some long and short alcoholic mixes are good, others are awful. I'm afraid that these days we're all going to have to start reading the fine print on the drinks list in order to survive.

This may be a somewhat odd introduction to the spirit that I regard as the prince of the alcoholic coolers, but at least I've warned you of what some of the loonies are up to this summer.

Most blokes won't turn up their nose at a gin and tonic, and the martini, here as well as in America, has been regarded as a test of alcoholic strength for some time (your strength to stand up after a jug of the things, that is), but outside of that, gin with anything else has been regarded as either a bit poofy or the choice of someone who is continually forced to drink with the flies.

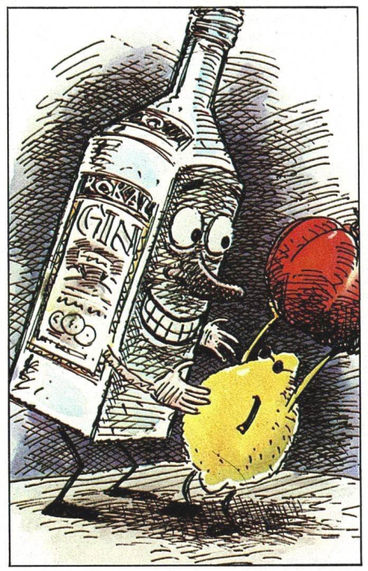
Apart from this odd social stigma, gin has been given a bad name because, in the now hopefully departed bad old days, there were a number of inferior brands in circulation that both stank and had an unpleasant oily feeling on the tongue (hence the phrase, "bathtub gin"). Its reputed use in the home abortion trade along with cheap knitting needles didn't help much either.

Gin hasn't any one country. It is made anywhere and everywhere these days. But as it is made under licence to the home firm's recipe (just like Coca-Cola actually), it is best to pay a little more and stick with the quality end of the market. I've always steered clear of the plain-wrapper, unnamed or instantly named brands. Some of them are okay but others are decidedly unpleasant.

I've long had a family affection for Gordons (which sustained my father and grandfather for many years) but I also find Tanqueray and Beefeater excellent. Although there are a number of Japanese gins on Australian shelves at present I've never been tempted to switch to them, good as they may be in their own various ways. If anything, the Japanese, perhaps worried about having too much flavor, tend to put too little of the juniper berry essence in their products.

Long before the American version of the martini was invented, the proud British race attempted to keep a firm grip on the tropical parts of their empire by strong infusions of pink gin at sunset. It is a very bracing drink on a hot night as long as one doesn't go completely haywire and forget about dinner. As many British colonial district officers did exactly this, pink gin probably played quite a part in the eventual collapse of British rule throughout the world.

The basic pink gin is absolutely simple. You take a jug with some cracked ice, add a couple of measures of gin and several or many drops of Angostura bitters, give the lot a good stir around and then strain into a short glass. The mix should be ice cold, but hardly watered down at all.



Planters and officials who liked their evening gins less lethal used to add either plain water or soda to the basic pink gin mix and this can also be done with the gin-lime-bitters mixture.

However, to my mind the best long gin drink either in the middle of a summer's day or on a verandah at night after a severe afternoon wrestle with the surf is the original gin squash. If you ask for this drink at a pub you invariably get a slug of gin with ice and pub squash out of a bottle. And a fairly dud drink it is.

But made with a good measure of soda water and fresh lemon juice sweetened to taste, it is excellent. If you are thinking of having a number of gin squashes either by yourself or with friends, do it the easy way. Make up a big jug of lemon juice already sweetened so you don't have to fiddle around at the last minute.

A nice addition is to get some fresh mint and crush a few leaves with the fingers before adding them to the long highball glass to bring out the aroma. I suppose you could call this gin julep (the original mint julep contains not gin but American rye whiskey). Mint both feels and looks cooling.

The original British gin and orange combination was fairly basic — gin, orange cordial and ice. I've never liked it much since the day a trayful of the stuff at a so-called captain's night on board some down-at-heel cruise liner led to one of my many bouts of social exile. However, when made with fresh orange juice rather than the violently colored bottled cordial, it can be quite okay, and with the addition of soda makes a good, long tipple.

The other alcoholic liquid gin does go well with is vermouth, as every martini fancier knows. Now I know true dry martini lovers merely show the vermouth bottle to the mixing jug so that the gin has been able to see it, but I prefer a mix of six parts of gin to one of dry vermouth — which makes it scandalously *wet* to purists.

But leaving that messy argument aside, gin with sweet dark Italian vermouth, with or without soda, is a good drink (without the soda it is known as a Gibson if you add a pickled cocktail-size onion), and the combination of gin and Campari (a very strongly flavored, red, Italian vermouth-type alcohol) or gin together with the equally Italian Punt e Mes is first class. Campari is quite easy to find these days but Punt e Mes is a little more difficult, mainly because it has not yet become trendy in this country. With both Campari and Punt e Mes it is advisable to add at least some soda water and a generous amount of ice to break the mixture down.

The final note about gin is that it really is not a food-type drink. A few peanuts and a handful of crisps is all that any gin seems to call for. So drink it first and take something else with your main course. I know people have drunk martinis right through a meal. I've also seen the aftermath of the combination. And as far as I'm concerned it serves the uncivilised bastards right.

— RICHARD BECKETT

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MONEY

If money trickles through your fingers, make a budget and keep that spending under control.

As everyone knows, it takes money to make money. Unless you have some capital, you have nothing to invest, and unless you win or inherit it, the only way to accumulate money is to save some. This does not mean you must live a Spartan life — no trips, no restaurants, no stereo — but you should spend your money carefully. And the best way to do that is to prepare a personal budget.

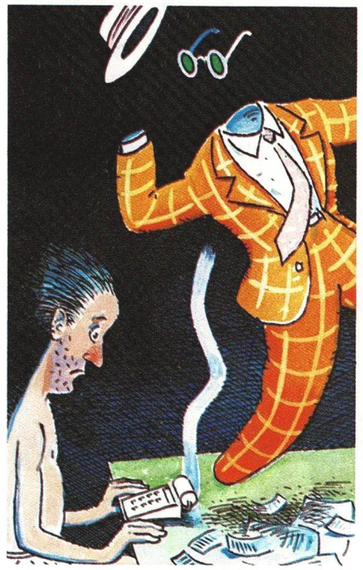
The only way to know if you are getting ahead or falling behind financially is to compare your income with your expenses. A budget permits you to do this because it lets you see where your money goes and, more importantly, what expenditures stick out. People new to budgets continually shock themselves at the amounts they spend each year for such things as holidays and entertainment.

A budget also makes it possible for you to adjust your domestic economy. Once you know where your money goes, you can trim excess spending and establish a savings program for future purchases.

Perhaps most important of all, with a budget, you can finally solve one of the eternal mysteries of life — where your money goes. ("I could have sworn I had $30 yesterday.")

Despite its advantages, few people actually keep a personal budget. I don't know a single soul who writes down each cent as it is spent, nor do I know anyone who sets aside cash in envelopes marked "groceries", "rent" and so on. Even businessmen who keep compulsive accounts of their income and expenditure at work rebel at keeping similar records at home. Budgets are one of those good ideas that no one wants to bother with. But, despite what you may think, they do not have to be dull and tedious. There are several simple budgeting techniques that are relatively easy to use, yet which can still help you stay on top of your financial affairs.

Begin by identifying your current income. This includes your yearly salary, interest on deposits, dividends, royalties, commissions, rents and anything else you definitely expect to receive during the next 12 months. Use take-home pay (after tax has been removed) rather than gross salary, because budgets are based on spendable income. Omit overtime, Christmas bonuses and inheritances from your calculations. You may confidently expect to receive one or more of these in the next year, but you cannot be certain. If your rich aunt dies and leaves you half her fortune, consider it a windfall and enjoy it — but don't count on it.



After you've calculated your income, it's time to look at your expenditures. Begin with those that are fixed and essential, such as accommodation costs (rent or mortgage payments) and taxes on any income not subject to PAYE (on interest, for example). Try to include an amount for savings as well.

Next come expenses that are essential, but subject to some discretion. A good example is food. Food and drink are things you cannot do without, but if money gets tight, you can always replace a lobster and champagne with a Big Mac and a Coke. Clothing, transportation, medical care, and haircuts also fall in the essential, but discretionary, category.

Finally, list non-essential expenditures such as recreation, travel, gifts, and hobbies. These latter expenditures are non-essential in the sense that you are not forced to spend money on them. That is not the same as saying they are unimportant. Holidays, hobbies and so on are the things that make life more than simply a business enterprise. The goal of budgeting isn't to cut those non-essentials out, but to make them possible by letting you make economies elsewhere if necessary.

Now that you have a working idea of your income and your planned expenditures, divide each by 12 to produce average monthly figures. Each month, record the amount you spend on each category. There is no need to be overly compulsive: round off figures to the nearest $5 or $10 and don't bother listing every chocolate bar (unless you are an addict). Compare the amount you spend each month with your projected expenditure. The figures won't come out even, of course. You may spend a lot on clothing one month and very little the next. But if your expenditures routinely exceed budget projections, then you will have to cut back somewhere to avoid getting into trouble. Devoting a half hour or so each month to reviewing your expenses will help you monitor your personal cash flow. You will soon know whether your budget is working or whether revisions are necessary. If all goes as planned, there should be money left over at the end of the year; money that can be placed in savings, or invested.

If you find yourself chronically exceeding your budget targets, the problem may be your lifestyle, and one way to find out is to compare your expenditures with the national average. The *Household Expenditure Survey* recently published by the Australian Bureau of Statistics makes this fairly easy to do (see table).

There may be good reasons why you spend more than others — you may be a passionate theatre-goer, for example. But unless your income is also much higher than average, you will have to alter your spending in other areas to accommodate your passion. I'm not a social worker and I don't tell people how they should live. But if you're spending $150 per month on dry-cleaning or twice the national average on clothing, you may wish to give some thought to reallocating expenses. After all, saving money is still the best way to get ahead. — SETH GREGORY

ILLUSTRATION BY GERRY CAPELLE

Average Monthly Expenditure		
Category	Expenditure	Percent of Income
Housing	$ 289.89	17
Power	45.12	3
Food	303.83	18
Alcohol	55.64	3
Tobacco	26.23	2
Clothing	98.59	6
Furnishings	140.03	8
Maintenance	71.53	4
Health	55.42	3
Transport	264.09	16
Recreation	187.71	11
Personal Care	27.63	2
Miscellaneous	105.40	7
Totals	1671.11	100

Note: Figures apply to household heads aged 25-35 taken from the Household Expenditure Survey published by the Australian Bureau of Statistics, February 1986.

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MEN

Jealousy would be the simplest thing on earth to conquer if only we could trust women!

I once committed burglary for love. Actually, I stole a hat out of jealousy — and a stupid-looking hat at that — but it amounted to the same thing. I guess the hat was symbolic, in that the act of nicking it put the lid on a teenaged insecurity which was threatening to become a nasty adult habit. I'm not talking theft here, but jealousy.

First off, she was the perfect incarnation of Anglo-Saxon womanhood, a physically faultless blonde in whom various sorts of photographers were well-pleased. It stood to my 18-year-old reason that she was therefore a flawless spirit as well — everything that I was already proving not to be.

When I went off to another town for a summer job after my first year at university, it didn't even occur to me that my high school Beatrice would betray her Dante. For my part, yes, there was that sweet Catholic co-worker, but she wouldn't permit any sort of friction between us not protected by at least one of those two guardians at the gate, denim and polyester. And yes, there was the racy young neighbor, who should have been a track star the way she covered that distance, or an opera singer, given the inspired work of lungs and oesophagus. But I was 18, wasn't I? Wouldn't you if you'd had the chance?

So it was with a righteously unblemished conscience that I returned home after the summer, only to discover that my beloved had strayed.

How did I find out? Well, I asked her, didn't I? Repeatedly. With hot irons. With needles under the fingernails. She gave in and confessed. With (dare I admit it?) satisfaction.

I tried to devise ways of extracting her fragile self-confidence from her very being, so that I could jump up and down on it. Failing that, I insisted on details. In telling all, what she was trying to do, I see now, was to chastise me for going away all summer. (She was 17.)

But in reality what I got out of the confession was an X-rated screenplay of horrific dialogue and even worse settings. That pub, for instance: I never even would have thought to go to it. Tacky, tacky. And his house, with those leering housemates. Yes, it was in a good spot, I'd seen it often enough before, from the road. I wanted to blow it up.

Instead, I opted for confrontation. What I expected to get from this was unclear to me, especially since no code of conduct with which I was familiar had been broken by my rival. What would I say?

"So you're the one who violated my pristine incarnation of everything decent in this world."

"I never. Might have humped your sheila, though."

This wouldn't do. I was still constructing dialogue as I negotiated the path to the front door, blood singing in my ears, lips trembling nervously.

The culprit wasn't home. Instead, I got an astute and very irritating lecture from one of the housemates. He was operating from the sublime heights of age 25, and almost immediately sussed out the flustered kid in front of him.

"I've had the same thing happen," he said. "You can't trust 'em." He was a big help.

I came back again. This time there was nobody home and the door was unlocked. I walked around inside like a rapist. My mood was flushed.

Straight into his bedroom — nothing there of note. What to do? How to express my rage and frustration? (How, perhaps, I think in retrospect, to obliterate the guilt I was feeling?)

I picked up an army helmet. Maybe it was a memento of Vietnam, something he treasured. I hoped so. I took it.

Except for a packet of sweets which I took as a child and returned the same day, that was the only thing I ever stole in my life. It was a rush.

I drove around, aimlessly, looking for somewhere to do something to this hat. Burying the thing was more effort than my scorn was worth. I reasoned that it was inflammable. I kicked it. I looked at it. I put it down and drove away.

My girlfriend and I had some even worse times after that. She got used to confessing, and I got used to confessions. I think we both began to enjoy it, in a dangerous way. I even told her, at long last, about the track star in the apartment when I went away that summer. She was outraged by the double standard, but by the time of that admission I was just looking for the thrill of being found out.

Jealousy can be burnt out of you. Or at least most of it can. It's a dirty little habit. I think of that young woman with sadness. I don't ask questions anymore, I don't tell stories. In such cases, honesty is simply not the best policy.

"What did you do last night?" I innocently ask the young lady I'm seeing at the moment.

"Oh, I went out with. . . friends," she says expertly.

No way will I bite. If she's fishing for a keen response, it's the wrong bait. If on the other hand she meant nothing more than what she said, great. Doesn't worry me, I've grown out of all that.

"What do you mean by 'friends'?" I say, but just out of curiosity.

"Oh, Bob and Mary and who's that bushie mate of theirs, the Frenchman studying chemical engineering? Gerard! That's it."

"The one who sent you roses last week?" I say, but just to make conversation. "The same one who rang you to make a tennis date at 10.30pm in the evening at night after *dark*?"

"Was it? Did he? Yes, I suppose you're right."

"You're having trouble telling them all apart? A little short on filing space, are you, need some more index cards maybe? How about a new photo album or a scrapbook? How about. . ."

She's already on the phone, talking about hats to someone who's supposed to be her mother although no doubt it's a code. Stockmen wear hats, don't they? Yes, R.M. Williams akubras, I've seen the ads. They're probably very attached to their hats, wouldn't want to get on their bush ponies without one covering their soft little brains.

I don't recommend burglary, and jealousy is of course for children. But if forgiveness is an adult trait, what does that make revenge? Kids' play?

Manfully, I grab my sober homburg, a box of matches and go out back. I don't know what I'll do next, but it occurs to me that I've been wearing this same hat for ages. Where's that tin of kerosene?

— STEVE BUNK

ILLUSTRATION BY GERRY CAPELLE

WOMEN

Competition between women does exist. The problem is figuring out how the heck to deal with it.

Back in prehistoric times, before feminism, women allegedly did things like pull each other's hair and scratch each other's eyes out over men. Also they initiated vicious whispering campaigns against each other in offices; they told a friend, "Gorgeous hairdo, Gladys!" when Gladys was looking particularly like a garage attendant; they stole recipes and husbands and were, just for the hell of it, generally hateful and vicious to their own sex.

In this enlightened age of feminism, however, things are sunny. Women are purported to be constantly supportive and nurturing. They will never once under any circumstances look at another woman's man, let alone fondle his privates. In fact they break dates with men because girlfriend-bonding is so much more essential; they form fully fledged women's caucuses, complete with day-care and PMT counselling services, at every office across the land; they love each other, kiss each other, cry and laugh with each other and hum "Sisterhood is powerful" gently to themselves as they drift off to an untroubled sleep.

Of course none of the above has anything to do with my personal perception of the situation.

I submit for your inspection the fact that women were never particularly, as a group, competitive, but that men wanted women to scratch each other's eyes out because women were oppressed. (Oh yes, we were, we're not even going to discuss it, you know it's true. In fact, we're still oppressed. Not so much, maybe.)

It's the famous divide-and-conquer strategy that Karl Marx was in such a temper about. Men, not necessarily active oppressors but certainly the ruling sex, were terrified that if women hung around together a lot, if they got to comparing notes and sharing ideas and bonding, they might achieve solidarity, which is the only weapon an oppressed class has, and then the game would be up.

So men wrote books and plays and films and TV shows full of propaganda about stereotypical sharp-clawed dames. (Some women did this too, Clare Booth Luce, for instance. I like to think of it as aping the oppressors.)

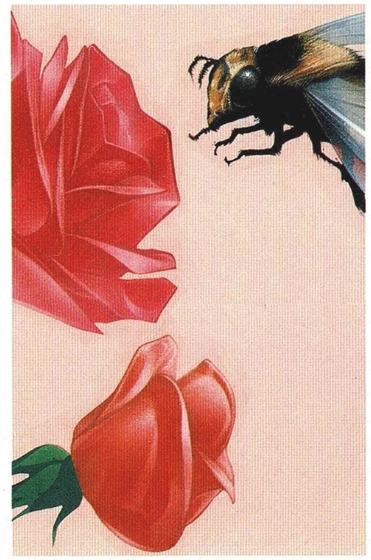
In the long run it was futile, since the game *is* now up, and we *have* achieved a fair amount of solidarity.

The truth about competition between women is that it exists, it always has and always will, but that we're terrified of it, always were, and we very rarely deal with it directly.

I shouldn't be saying this, because it's like handing over a weapon, but there are two epithets that really get to a woman. One is being called unprofessional. We hate that. It scares us and we immediately become moody and/or vicious. The other is being called competitive. We hate that even more — it makes us confused and surly and defensive. Women do not know how to deal with competition, never have and possibly never will.

Guys do, sort of. At least you were trained. You were in the junior league. You played football, and maybe even boxed, and were generally encouraged during your formative years to knock the shit out of each other. And meanwhile there we were, as usual, making our dolls a cup of tea. Jesus Christ.

Our competitiveness usually came out in passive-aggressive spurts. I remember with fresh horror two incidents from my childhood. Once I cut off half my best friend's ponytail! Isn't that sick? Another time, in sixth class, I ran up to a group of boys and whispered, "Guess what. Sally got her period today." Also an act of depravity. I can still feel the shock and guilt that rocked my little body when I realised what I'd done.



In grown women, competition between friends is still oblique and subterranean. I had a good friend once who, I eventually noticed, only liked me when I was unhappy. She couldn't relate when I was having a good time because she felt threatened. I know another girl who regularly says the most appalling things about her best friend at dinner parties. ("Of course, Judith would look so much better with the fat suctioned off her thighs.") This woman's competitive urge is so deep and baroque that when Judith yells at her, "How could you have said that?" the woman looks at Judith as if she were crazy, because she doesn't even remember having done anything wrong.

But we don't compete over men. Well, yes, maybe we do. In a general sort of way. At a party we hate the really pretty girl who is surrounded by men, and it is slightly possible that we will whisper vile things about her in each other's ears. But if that pretty girl is funny and warm and sisterly and not a male-oriented nightmare, we will clasp her to our bosoms and invite her to lunch and ask her if she has any brothers who might suit us.

We never, ever go after each other's boyfriends. This is the first rule of friendship between women. If any woman does this, word is out instantly, I mean virtually within seconds — we don't even need telephone wires, the information is transmitted telepathically, and this girl is a pariah for the rest of her life. Women will never countenance man-stealing among friends and even old boyfriends can be a trifle sticky.

Once I had dinner with a girl who tried it — this poor bimbo was unknowingly dining with the three best friends of the wife of the man she tried to steal. By the end of the meal, the woman was dogfood. We destroyed her. She was shaking, she was in tears, she was grovelling and blubbering. We didn't care. She deserved everything she got.

We will also make mincemeat of a woman whom we perceive as using her sex to further her career. This is a dirty pool, and I had a thoroughly enjoyable lunch recently where my colleagues and I tore to shreds a woman who got where she is today (middle-management in publishing) by a judicious series of blowjobs. We had a wonderful time and felt very pleased with ourselves afterwards.

But mainly we shy away from anything overtly competitive, and instead have strange dreams in which one of our best friends has turned into a scaly monster and oh, my God, is that an M-16 we have in our hands?

We all know what competition is. On one level, it's simply wanting to be liked better than anyone else, wanting to be the best and the brightest.

But I guess at bottom it's about survival, and blood lust, and death to our enemies. It's easier to pretend it isn't there.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

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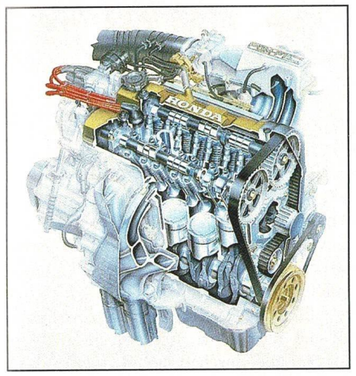

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The power of precision

If you really want a good gander at the America's Cup, stay at home in front of the telly.

Thinking of a quick trip over to Fremantle, are you, to take in a spot of live Holy Grail-wrestling? Great! After all, could there be a more supremely suitable summer spectacle than two gloriously sleek yachts straining against the pressure of the billowing spinnakers, the blue seas crashing about the bows, with the Auld Mug glittering like some faint but monstrous beacon off to port, growing closer with each tack?

Fine! Get the hell over there! Don't let *me* talk you out of it. But whatever you do, don't expect to see the actual races, or you'll be terribly disappointed.

Perhaps it's not such a surprise, given the nature of the Cup. Despite the immense popular explosion of '83, it's still very much a rich man's game, way out of the socio-economic reach of the ordinary citizen, and (as the old saying goes) about as exciting for the non-informed as watching the grass grow.

But in the rush to cash in on the bonanza of an expected 300,000 Cup-watchers, what almost everyone in Freo (and, indeed, most of Perth) seems to have overlooked is the fact that as a mass-appeal sporting display, the America's Cup is about as accessible as the upper reaches of the Amazon to the intrepid explorer.

How do you get to be an armchair expert about boats whose crucial design points revolve around something like this:

$$\frac{Length + 2\left(\frac{Skin\ Girth - Chain\ Girth}{2.37}\right) - Freeboard + \frac{Sail}{Area}}{} = 12??$$

This odd fact was rammed home recently when I stumbled into the America's Cup media centre in Freo with my photographer mate, Horny.

We'd been out on the freshly laid harbor groynes for days, looking for vantage points from which to view the glorious spectacle. But all we'd seen had been the yachts in tow on the way out to the course several nautical miles seaward, followed by an extraordinary array of cruise-craft, owners coolly waving to the several hundred hoi-polloi on the rocks.

There must be a better way, we decided, and headed for the media centre to see if we could grovel aboard one of the press boats and actually get out there amongst the action, as it were, without forking out the $100-plus per day being charged (it was still only eliminations time, and during finals month a good berth will be $300 and up) for a slot on one of the large tourist craft.

We cruised over to the information desk behind which stood a tall, attractive yacht-blonde from the outrageously hip Yacht Club Costa Smeralda, nominated as the so-called Challenger of Record to organise and run the elimination trials.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

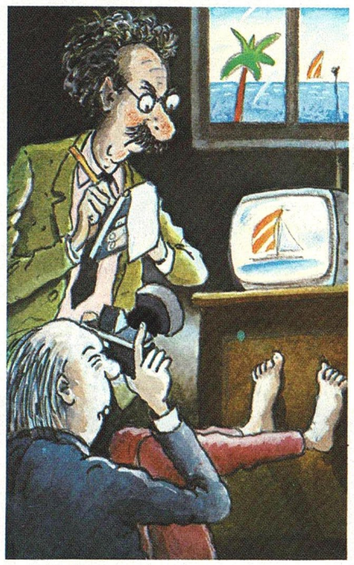
"Yeah, actually," said Horny, "do you have any. . . *maps*, or anything like that? Like. . . maps of the *course*? Where the boats are going?"

She looked at us. "Are you a photographer?"

"I am. He's a *journalist*."

"Right. . . right. . . now, neither of you know much about 12 metre yachting, do you?" she asked. Now, here she'd hit the nail neatly on the head. What Horny and I knew about the true art of 12 metre sailing, as opposed to the all-encompassing concept of 'Straylya versus the Bloody Septics, added up to a neat zero. Pathetic!

But were there any other normal human beings out there who knew of such things? What, for instance, had the previous four years of merciless media told the average Aussie Cup-watcher about the *actual sport of 12 metre racing*?



Jesus. . . after all the jive, the books, the movies and TV series, the revealing of the nasty wiles of the NYYC and the Master Psychologist Bertrand and the Heroic Entrepreneur Bond and the Eccentric Genius Lexcen and the Organisation Man Jones, all turbid with the sweaty brew of our national glory — did anyone out there in Normalsville even know how the Holy Icon itself, the great winged keel, actually *worked*?

Just another little inaccessibility. . . but in the meantime, our yacht-blonde friend had laid out some of the press-kit standards, including a little badge enthusing "Sailing Is My Bag!" (the challenge series sponsor is a famous travel-bag manufacturer).

"Uh, can we get on the boats? Like, the press boats?" asked Horny.

She smiled. "Well, the press boats are separated for photographers and journalists. Otherwise the journalists would be getting in the way all the time. You don't want them there to trip over, do you?" she asked Horny.

Then she turned to me and handed out the punchline.

"You'll be better off in here, anyway, watching the TV. You won't see anything out *there*. No one ever does. You'd know if you'd done any race reporting before."

Yes! I would! But if it were just as easy to sit in the media centre and watch a TV show — easier even than heading out on one of the tourist-beasts to watch as the yachts came within 100 metres of your fixed position for 10 minutes, then buggered off downwind for the rest of the race while you swilled down champagne and lurched about the deck courtesy of the famed Fremantle Doctor prevailing wind — why the hell would you even bother to think of going to Freo in the first place?

Well, you could try setting up a hotdog stand or something. . . or you could go and check out one of the other, perhaps more accessible, attractions cleverly set up in Perth by the authorities around Cup time. And in the evening, you could pick up on the Cup on the TV news before another radical night on the town in one of Freo's dozens of new restaurants and bars.

But one thing you won't need to be in Freo for is to see the race series in its awesome dragging entirety, because that isn't what any of the people out on the harbor groynes will be seeing.

No — above everything else, above the kids and the TV cameras and the police and security guards and the million concessions churning out everything from fish and chips to the Cup line in T-shirts, tea-towels and posters, what the average Aussie Cup-watcher will be seeing is *money* in all its ugliest manifestations!

Vast fleets of incredible mega-cruisers pouring out of Freo harbor, loaded to the gunwales with the *right* people, the traditional Cup-viewers — before all this "carn 'Straylya" populist trip popped on to the scene, that is, and got the plebs interested in what the select few were doing.

If you like millionaire-spotting, Freo is definitely the place, at least until the Cup is finished.

But as far as those sleek 12 metre yachts slicing through the blue seas go — well, like I said, don't expect too much.

— NICK CARROLL

ILLUSTRATION BY GERRY CAPELLE

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SHOWBIZ

Kathleen Turner rediscovers the past, Buddy Holly becomes a legend, and William Hurt turns a deaf ear.

BACK TO THE PAST: Peggy Sue is attending her 25th class reunion, in the same dress she wore to the prom. Her ex-husband has turned up, her emotions are racing, she's chosen as reunion queen and suddenly she passes out. . . only to wake up 25 years earlier, with all her options open, and the chance not to make the same mistakes. Yes, **Francis Coppola**'s latest, *Peggy Sue Got Married*, is not unlike *Back To The Future* in basic theme, but whereas Marty McFly had to wrestle with problems prior to his birth, here the wondrous **Kathleen Turner** as

Kathleen Turner and Nicholas Cage: Does Peggy Sue really want to get married again?

Peggy Sue is given the choice of altering her life. Director Coppola, who seems to have dropped the Ford from his name since his *Godfather* and *Apocalypse Now* days, has already tapped a huge popular vein with this one in the States for its mixture of laughter and tears. There is no reason why it should not enjoy a similar reception here, given a great performance from Turner, who somehow manages to convince as two Peggy Sues, 25 years apart, with little more than a pony-tail and a change of clothes. Peggy Sue's charm lies in her gift of hindsight, which allows her to laugh affectionately at her father for buying one of the ill-fated Ford Edsels, to be kinder to her fragile little sister and to actually make love on impulse with a guy she fancies.

•

BUDDY HOLLY LIVES: Possibly to chime in with the release of *Peggy Sue Got Married*, MCA Records have released a double album of Buddy Holly, the man who wrote and performed the original *Peggy Sue* back in the late '50s, and who died in a plane crash with fellow rockers Richie Valens and the Big Bopper. Titled *Legend* it's a timely reissue of some great digitally remastered hits. But since Holly never felt it necessary to stretch a song out longer than two minutes and made enough classic singles to fill half a dozen albums, it seems a great waste of vinyl and scarcely value for money to settle for a mere five tracks, or 10 minutes per side, especially with a bare minimum of liner notes to let a new generation of fans know a bit more about a giant of rock'n'roll.

•

REELING AND ROCKING: Another eerie coincidence — a movie biography of Holly's co-passenger, Richie Valens, featuring music re-recorded by **Los Lobos** and sung by **David Hidalgo**, is to be released shortly. . . **Jonathan Demme**'s new movie, *Something Wild*, has songs by **David Byrne**, **Lou Reed**, **UB40** and **Fine Young Cannibals**. . . **Michael Nesmith** has a role in **Whoopi Goldberg**'s film *Burglars*. . . **Malcolm McLaren** is set to make his first Hollywood movie, *All She Wants To Do Is Surf*. . . **Alex Cox**, who directed *Repo Man* and *Syd And Nancy*, has made *Straight to Hell*, with special appearances by **Grace Jones** and **Elvis Costello**.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current releases
by graham barry

Aliens In which Sigourney returns to *that* planet to finish what she started in *Alien*. Two hours of terror! ¥¥¥¥

Back To School Belly laughs when self-made tycoon Rodney Dangerfield becomes a mature student. ¥¥

Dead End Drive-in Oz in the bleak near-future. Naive but too close for comfort. ¥¥

Heartburn Love, marriage, babies and betrayal, with Nicholson as cad and Streep as short-suffering wife. ¥¥¥

Legal Eagles Robert Redford jousts with Debra Winger *and* Daryl Hannah. Lucky guy! Pure entertainment. ¥¥¥

Mona Lisa Ex-jailbird Bob Hoskins drives "tall, thin, black tart" Cathy Tyson to her clients — and falls in love. Masterly. ¥¥¥¥

Running Scared Cops Billy Crystal and Gregory Hines chase a drug runner round Chicago — or vice versa? ¥¥¥

Ruthless People Kidnapping filthy rich Bette Midler is the silliest thing anyone could do! ¥¥¥¥

The Fringe Dwellers An authentic Australian masterpiece from Bruce *(Breaker Morant)* Beresford. ¥¥¥¥

The Mission Spectacularly dull tale of Jesuits and Indians with boring Jeremy Irons. And this won the Palme D'Or at Cannes! ¥

Three Men And A Cradle French film so funny they're remaking it for the US market. ¥¥¥

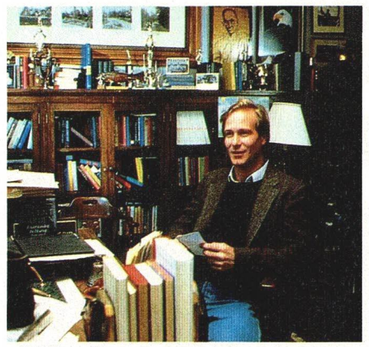
Saving Grace Do Italian popes really speak in broken English? Heartwarming to the point of nausea. ¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't Miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good Show ¥ Forget it.

NEWSBREAKS: **Carl Perkins** has made a deal with Reebok for a new line in blue suede shoes. And it's one for the money. . . **Mick Jagger** and **Dave Stewart** have been meeting about Jagger's next solo effort. . . For all you golden oldie types: Did you know that the **New Edition** version of *Earth Angel* is the 50th and that the original by the **Penguins** has never been out of print in the US and still sells about 1000 copies a month?. . . **Buffalo Springfield** is working on a reunion album to feature **Neil Young**, **Richie Furay** and **Stephen Stills**. . . **Ringo** sent a waitress a cheque for £100 because she treated him to a £1 plate of beans on toast 26 years ago in a Liverpool cafe. That's what we call a healthy return on investment!. . . **Julien** *(Absolute Beginners, Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle)* **Temple** is making *Earth Girls Are Easy* for Warners ("an aliens-meet-Valley Girl space musical") written by and starring unknown US comedian **Julie Brown**, with a title track like a girlie group tune of the '60s.

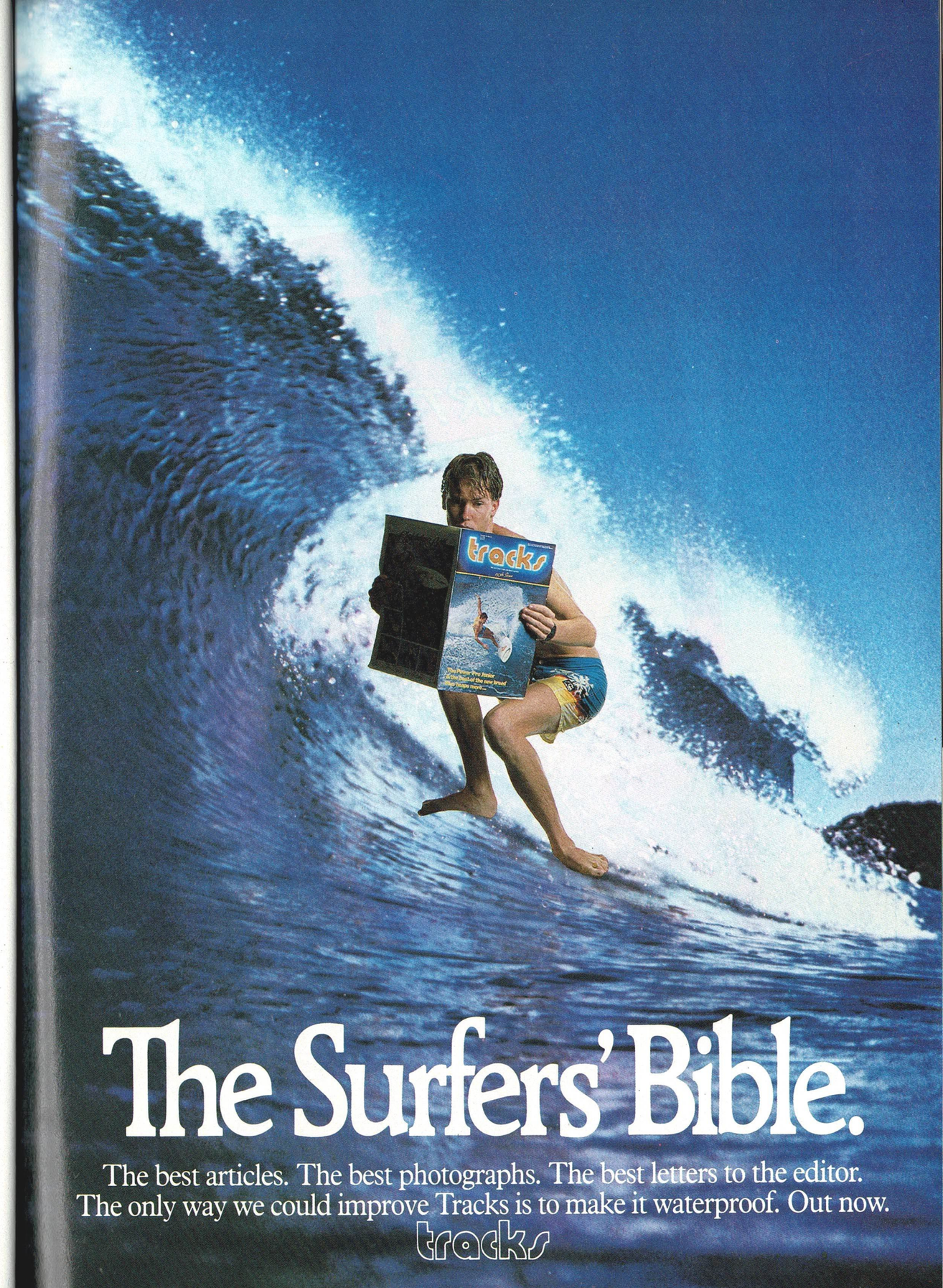
•

DIALOGUE OF THE DEAF: Completing the circle of coincidence, Kathleen Turner's *Body Heat* co-star, **William Hurt**, turns up in *Children Of A Lesser God* as James, a teacher of the deaf deeply in love with a girl who has retreated from the world of the hearing by staying on at the school as a



William Hurt: In love with the job or the girl in Children Of A Lesser God?

cleaner. Sarah, played by **Marlee Matlin** (who really is deaf), is a fiercely independent, angry woman, and their affair is passionate and stormy, given that James can never quite relinquish his role as teacher, and Sarah wants to be accepted as the mute she is. Hurt was obliged to learn sign language for the movie and it is a measure of the brilliance of both performances that only later does one realise he has done the talking for two. Apart from one frustrated scream, Matlin never says a word out loud, but she leaves an indelible and very eloquent impression.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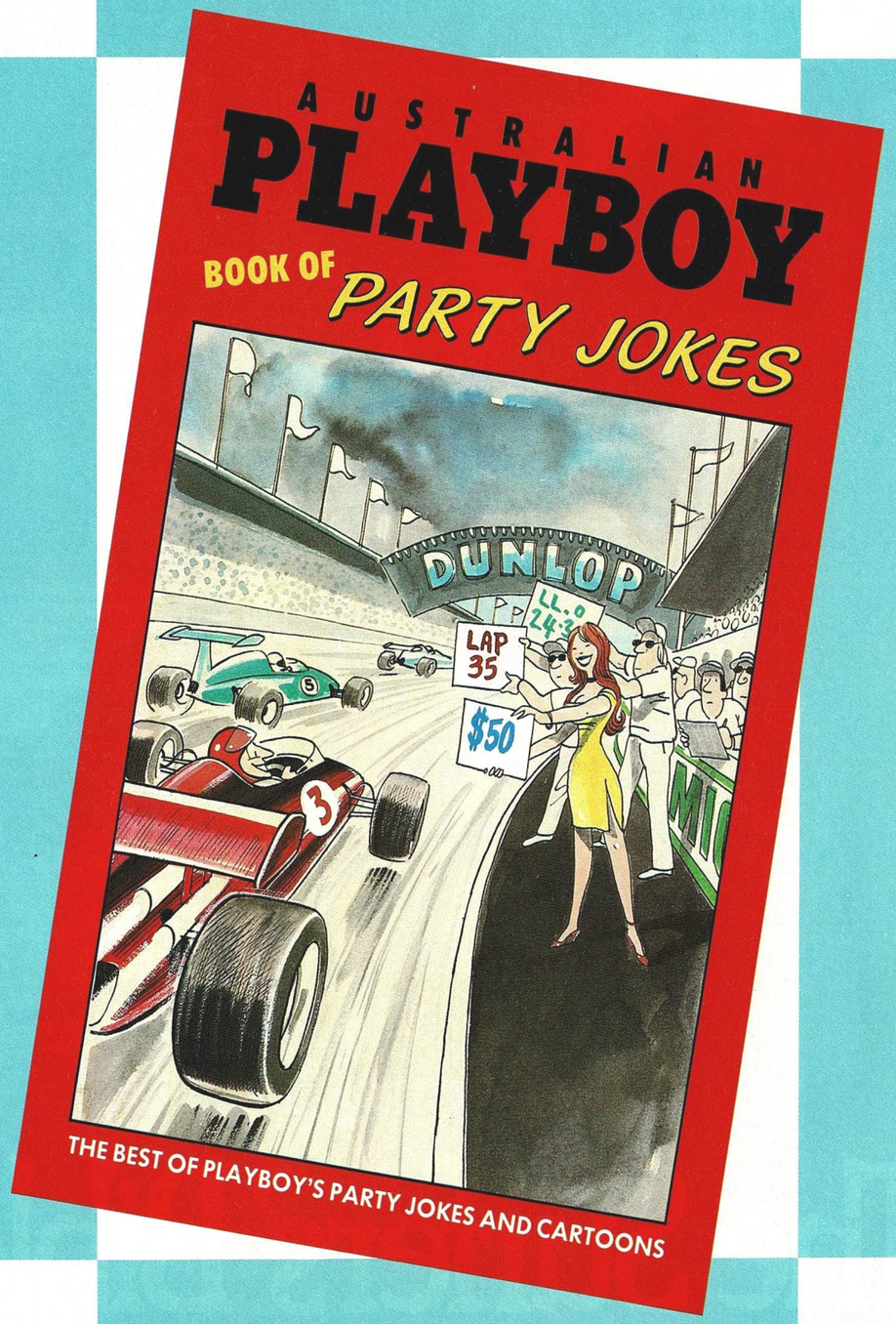


Available at newsagencies while stocks last.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DON JOHNSON

A candid conversation with the unshaven star of Miami Vice about sex, TV fame, fashion and a decade of drug abuse.

Once upon a time, the legend goes, there was a paper napkin sitting on a table in front of NBC Entertainment president Brandon Tartikoff — the only scrap of paper available when he had his celebrated high-concept brainstorm and wrote down two words: "MTV Cops." The show it inspired changed the way TV shows looked, the way men dressed, the way they shaved and, some say, threatened the survival of the sock industry. Just incidentally, it launched an '80s megastar. As Sonny Crockett, with his equally super-dapper partner Tubbs (actor Philip Michael Thomas), Don Johnson cruises the boulevards of Miami in incredibly pricey driving machines, wearing impossibly pricey threads, hunting down Columbian drug lords, romancing bad and good women, having existential meetings with his police boss Lieutenant Castillo, all to the throb of Glenn Frey's latest video. Exaggerated, perhaps, but not by much.

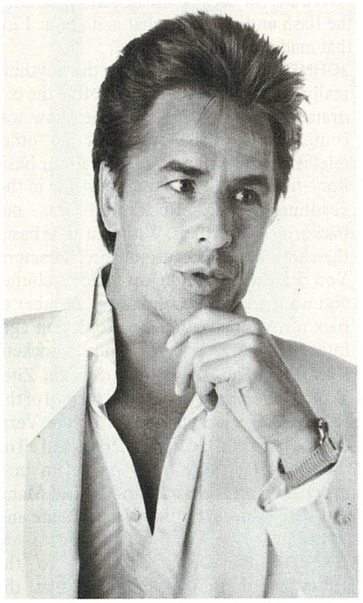
Whether the ratings for Miami Vice drop slow or fast, as all shows must, its final impact may be in showing us how completely the television medium — and the fast-cutting, fast-zapping habits of a video generation — can turn an ordinary, potential ne'er-do-well into someone bigger than life. Nor is it his good looks and reputation as a ladies' man alone that can account for the frenzy around Johnson, whose fans come in all ages and both sexes. It may well be that, like certain other tarnished golden boys of Hollywood past, Johnson gives off a raffish aura that some see as genuine and hard-lived, gritty as well as glitzy. There are plenty, of course, who see those same traits as shallow and arrogant.

Before the current blaze of publicity, Johnson was known around the circuit in Hollywood as a party animal who would try anything more than once. One woman describes him as "always around". After she and a boyfriend double-dated with him, she says he invited himself and his date to her apartment. "His girlfriend fell asleep on the couch," the woman remembers. "We hinted in every way that we wanted to go to bed. But as the sun rose, there we were in the living-room, high on cocaine, talking and laughing hysterically. He left three days later."

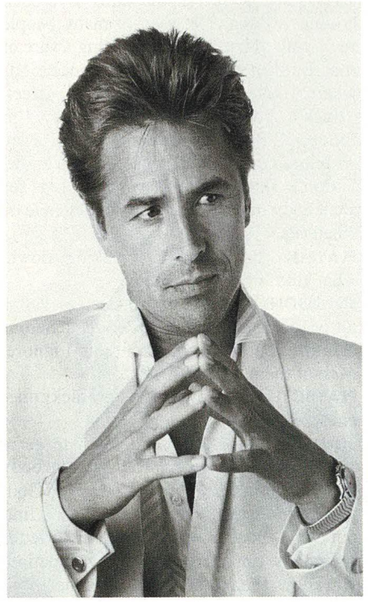
Johnson's background is typical of neither the typical TV star nor a rock'n'roll singer. A native of Flat Creek, Missouri, Johnson, born Don Wayne in 1949, was a rebellious boy who landed in a detention school for car theft as a teenager. When his high school teacher threw him out of a business course, he hustled his way into a drama course simply because it was the only course still available. A teacher caught an audition, encouraged him, and he was on his way to a scholarship at the University of Kansas, followed by a stint at the American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco.

Now, with Johnson on the roll of his life, we decided the time was ripe to get his full story. We sent ***David Sheff*** *to — where else? — Miami where Johnson, after a frantic summer preparing for the release of his album, had begun shooting for the new season. Although Johnson has discussed his past in earlier interviews, we felt that in the current climate of reaction*

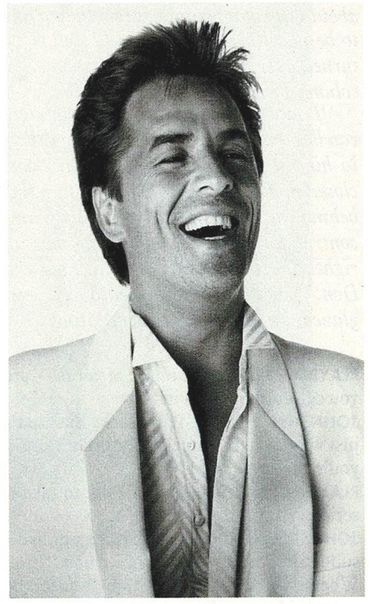
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLEN WATSON



"There's some shit going around out there that you can't get rid of any longer with a shot. They've got to shoot you if you get it. With AIDS, these days sex can be lethal."



"The biggest point is that I'm not into getting laid. Just getting laid is probably one of the most empty things you can do at 36 years old. You get laid at 22."



"If I listen to one more coke rap until the wee hours of the morning and watch the sun come up to eyes that feel they have third degree burns on them I will die."

against drug abuse — and its glamorisation — the star of the show most identified with that topic might be willing to examine more closely what has happened in his life. Johnson apparently agreed. Though he has readily admitted to cocaine use in the past, until this interview he has not discussed to what lengths his addictions took him, nor that he used even more dangerous drugs.

On this and many other topics, here is Sheff's report: "I finally met my subject at 1.30 in the morning, just about quitting time for the Vice crew. A knock came at my hotel door and a man with a pleasant grin stuck out his hand and said, 'Hi. Don Johnson. I'm beat.'

"Our sessions usually began with Johnson in distracted mood, but he had committed to the interview and always came prepared to throw himself into our discussions — no small talk. It sometimes took a little time to get rolling, but soon, animated by a remarkable reserve of energy considering the 15-hour day of shooting he had just put in, he would be talking excitedly.

"Toward the end of my time in Miami, I accompanied Johnson's media consultant Elliot Mintz one afternoon to the set where Vice was shooting. I stood behind police lines with a large crowd of fans. There were girls 10-deep, giggling and shrieking, keeping their eyes on the silver motor home with licence plates that read DJ VILLE. As to the suggestions these young girls were making among themselves about just what sexual position they'd like to be in with Don Johnson — well, I've turned over my notes to the Playboy Sex column.

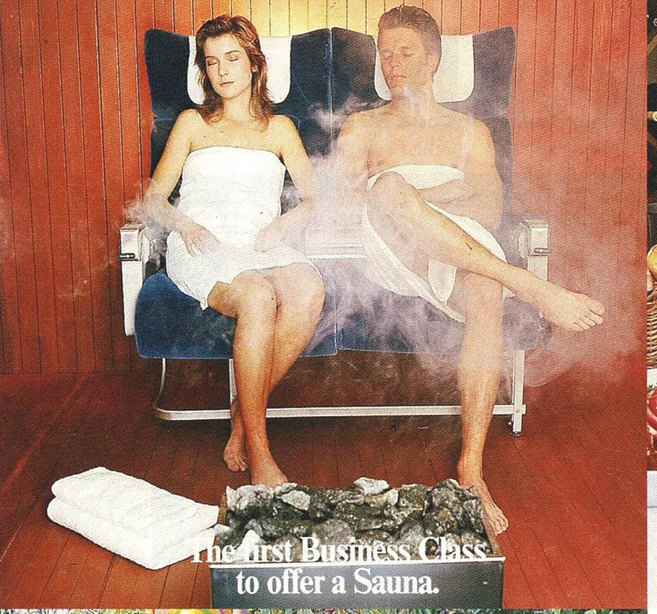
"I saw first-hand the effect Johnson can have one morning when I said goodbye to him at the hotel elevator. The doors closed and I turned to see a girl standing behind us. She was trembling uncontrollably. I asked her if she was all right. She said, 'That was him. *That was Don.' I nodded. She turned away, eyes glazed, and began hyperventilating."*

PLAYBOY: This sexual image of yours — are you comfortable with it?
JOHNSON: I laugh. It's a kick. But that's just what it is. If you take that shit seriously you're in serious trouble.
PLAYBOY: Isn't it impossible *not* to take it seriously some of the time?
JOHNSON: Well, I know that it's not like I suddenly got attractive since *Miami Vice.* Where was all the attention before the show? I know where it comes from. I'm flattered that there is a contingent of people out there that find me sexually attractive. I'm not pooh-poohing it. I thank you and my banker thanks you. [*Laughs*]
PLAYBOY: So your groupies —
JOHNSON: God bless 'em. Where would us lonely boys be without 'em?
PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of getting addicted to this kind of adulation?
JOHNSON: God knows, I'm a candidate if anybody is. But while the attention is incredible, there is another side to it. I forget sometimes that I'm famous. We'll pull up at a supermarket, and I'll start to jump out to go in and get whatever we need and whoever is with me will say, "Have you lost your fucking mind?" Oh, oh yeah, right! "We'll be here for an hour if you go in there." Sometimes it bothers me, but then on the other hand, you know, the alternative is unacceptable.
PLAYBOY: What's the alternative?
JOHNSON: Struggling, waiting for phone calls telling me I have work.
PLAYBOY: But how do you keep it in perspective? How do you avoid becoming a monster with the kind of non-stop attention you've been getting?

JOHNSON: Well, for one thing I've been around so long, I've seen *so* many people fuck it up. That helps. Just being aware of that. But I'm sure there have been occasions where I have abused the position. I feel, "Fuck it, I don't have to be nice today. I'm the *star.*" But I don't let myself get away with it too much. And people let you know. I don't think you're ever too big for somebody to tell you you're an arsehole or whatever.
PLAYBOY: Besides girls breaking down, what kinds of things happen?
JOHNSON: I get a lot of provocative mail, a lot of offers from some of God's generous creatures out there. Most of them I ignore. *Most* of them. [*Laughs*]
PLAYBOY: Okay, how are the few lucky ones chosen?
JOHNSON: First you send them to get a medical exam. [*Laughs*] Hell, if somebody tweaks your imagination, then, by God, you've got to go and take that step and find out why. You go on vibes. If in a letter somebody can intrigue your imagination, you know, then by all means a response is in order. A response is a courtesy, anyway. But a lot of the time... You know the old stories about being turned on over the phone? These women with these great sexy voices work for answering services and you invite them over to a party because you know that it'll be safe, since there will be lots of people around — and in walks this *behemoth.*
PLAYBOY: Do you have any theories about the success of *Miami Vice?* Besides the clothes, of course.
JOHNSON: The clothes thing is completely blown out of proportion. There are a couple of valid aspects to it. What [*executive producer*] Michael Mann did by creating the color scheme of the show is that he made rules about the look and style, much like you make rules when you make a feature film. Television was not treated like that. That in itself brought a sense of quality to the show that you didn't normally find on TV.
PLAYBOY: Still, we don't imagine you have many fans in the socks industry.
JOHNSON: Michael takes credit for the no-socks thing. But all those things were not new things. I'd been wearing no socks and T-shirts and jackets for years. I couldn't afford the highest priced ones, but I'd been doing it for years.
PLAYBOY: While we're on this substantial stuff, how often do you shave?
JOHNSON: I designed the character in the beginning to be so involved in his work that that stuff became secondary. He'd be up for days at a time running with some drug dealer and he didn't necessarily stop to shave. So that's how the three-day stubble was born. The clothes were born out of the idea that drug dealers love flash: flashy cars, flashy rings, flashy jewellery, flashy clothes, flashy women. We were undercover cops after drug dealers, and in order to catch the big guys, you had to dress and look like the big guys.
PLAYBOY: So back to the question. Besides the flash and stubble, what is it about *Vice* that made it a hit?
JOHNSON: Basically we never did anything really different. We didn't redefine the cop drama, that's for sure. But the show was contemporary in a way that no other television show was. Cocaine was our basic story-line and it is also the story-line in the headlines today. Rock'n'roll was our backdrop and it still is. With that as its basis, the show works because of the characters. You can dress them in any kind of clothes you want and you can play any number of rock'n'roll tunes, but if the people don't get into the characters, ie Sonny Crockett, Ricardo Tubbs, Lt Castillo, Switek, Zito, Trudy and Gina, then you can take all of the $800 Versace jackets and all of the Verri Uomo slacks and all of the Ferraris and all of the vibrating pastels and put them in a thimble, hand them back to Michael Mann and say, "I'm sorry, this is inadequate and empty."
PLAYBOY: How do you react to the criticisms of *Vice,* specifically that the quality has gone down since the initial season?
JOHNSON: I don't feel I have to apologise. At a certain point there's only so much you

wendy heather

Photography by Antony Potts



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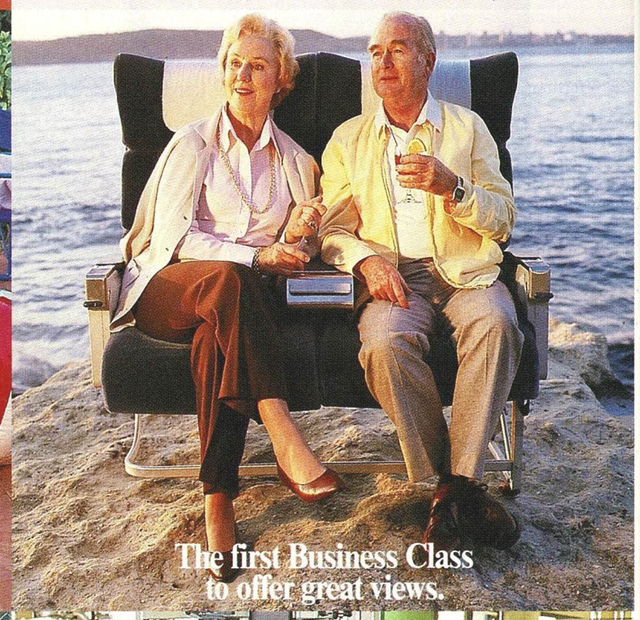

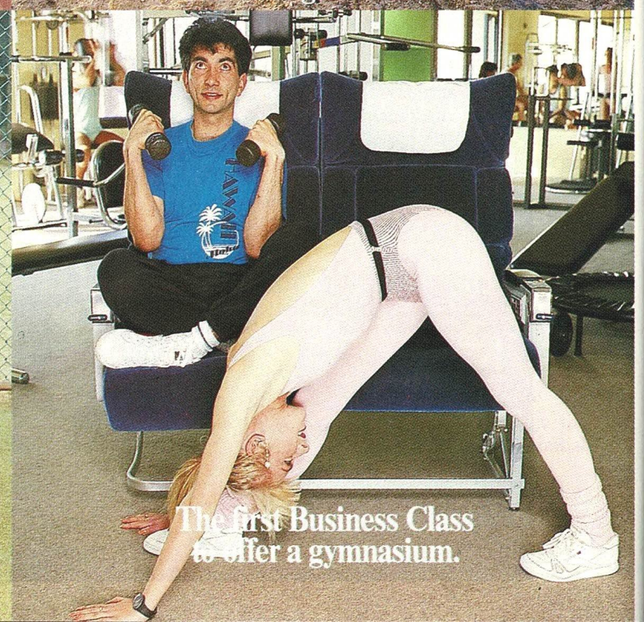

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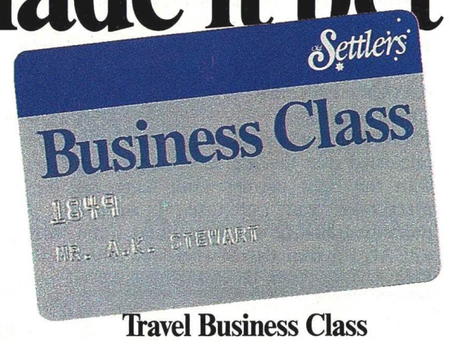

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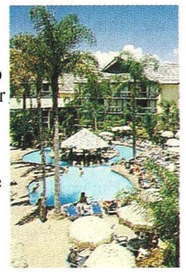

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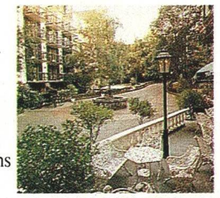

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can do. I don't think people realise what it's like to try and make 22 watchable episodes. Most shows are happy to get two or three exceptional episodes a year. The first season we got like eight or 10. And the rest of them were above average.

PLAYBOY: Then what happened?

JOHNSON: The second season we still got six or seven exceptional shows. And then we had four or five clunkers.

PLAYBOY: If you are responsible and involved in every part of the production, who do you blame when the clunkers come out?

JOHNSON: You blame the process, you blame television, episodic television. Last season the biggest problem we had was not getting scripts on time. You're supposed to get a final shooting script 14 days before you start to shoot. Last season we didn't get one script that didn't have to be rewritten before we could start to shoot it. There is no time to prepare properly.

PLAYBOY: In your position, can't you put your foot down and insist, for instance, that scripts come in on time?

JOHNSON: Not when you're 3000 miles away. When you're in Hollywood you can go in there and you can march up into the office and you can scream and yell and rant and rave. Over the phone, they just hang up and say, "What an arsehole. He's got a hit series and now he's just too big for his breeches."

But they apparently don't take into consideration that you are working 96 hours a week on this thing. I mean, there are only 120 hours in a five-day week, so that doesn't leave much time for anything — like sleep, for instance. You work 96 hours a week and the only salvation and saving grace is that you love what you're doing and you're proud of the result.

PLAYBOY: And something like $100,000 a week.

JOHNSON: [*Smiling*] I'm not telling. But people talk about the big bucks as the reason for the hard work. Yeah, right. That's why you make the big bucks. But after a certain point it doesn't mean shit. Because you're so frustrated and your nerves are worn to such a frazzle and you can barely stand up. The only saving grace in it is that you love what you're doing. But it's hell on your social life, no matter what you've heard.

PLAYBOY: You made a joke earlier about sending a date out for a medical exam. These are bad times for casual sex; as a guy with a lot of opportunities, what are you doing about the risk of disease?

JOHNSON: Listen, I'm going to tell you something, pal. I was only partly joking. There's some shit going around out there that you can't get rid of any longer with a shot. They got to shoot *you* if you get it. With AIDS, sex these days can be lethal. Does that mean there's too much promiscuity? If you believe that the planet has a series of checks and balances, as we've been led to believe, and since history has told us time and time again that for every action there's a reaction and so on and so forth, then apparently there's too much promiscuity.

PLAYBOY: Coming from you that's something.

JOHNSON: I'm not saying there is — not for me. But a thoughtful person has to consider it.

PLAYBOY: As a single man, how does it affect your life?

JOHNSON: Let me put it this way. You give it thought.

PLAYBOY: Do you ask a girl you're interested in if she could be a carrier?

JOHNSON: If there is a question, that's it. The answer's got to be no.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that naive? Isn't there always a question?

JOHNSON: You're right. There are always calculated risks that you're willing to take with the right partner. And there are precautions you can take. I suggest precautions like rubbers — condoms, if you will. Ah, I'm from the era where you called them rubbers, buddy. Yeah, I know it's like taking a bath with your socks on, but it's better than dying.

Ah, I'm from an era where you called them rubbers, buddy. Yeah, I know, it's like taking a bath with your socks on, but it's better than dying.

I'm not making light of it. It's something that is very difficult to assimilate. Part of the problem is the confusing information we get. For a while it was, Jesus, you can get this off toilet seats, for God's sake. I mean, they don't know. How do you get it? Well, you may get it from needles. And you may get it from transfusions. You get it from butt fucking. No, no, wait a minute. It's a transmission of fluids. What fluids? Saliva? Come? What is it? Doctors look at you and go, "We just don't know." Can I get a test to see if I'm immune, or if I've got the virus, or if I'm a carrier? Well, you can, but they're not really accurate. Is the incubation period four years? Eight years? I saw a report that shows numerous cases of AIDS in heterosexual females who may have got it from men who had experimental adolescent homosexual relationships. That means, Jesus, anybody and everybody is susceptible. Not that I've fooled around in that area, but there are statistics showing that some enormous number, like 85 or 90 percent of the men on the planet have had some form of homosexual experience in their adolescence, even those who went on to become heterosexual. That percentage went on to have heterosexual relationships with, say, 50 women, who went on to have relationships with any number of other people... It doesn't stop. Let's face it: The sheer concept of the numbers that it could affect is devastating.

PLAYBOY: So, how has it changed your behavior?

JOHNSON: I've gotten into fucking sheep. [*Laughs*] Sorry, I couldn't help myself. No, you use your best judgement. You don't hear a lot of stories anymore about, "Jesus, I just got head from this girl, I don't even know her name." Not only do you know her name, you know her parents, where she's from, what she does for a living, where she hangs out. That gives you an idea about what you can expect. Does she hang out at clubs? I don't care what anybody says, a girl that hangs out at clubs. . . This is going to cause trouble, but today you've got to think this way.

Anyway, I didn't make the rules, I'm just living by them. A girl who's hanging out at clubs is exposed to casual sex. I'm not saying that she's promiscuous; she only has to do it once with the guy who's been doing it a lot. Right? And then you are into the ballgame. You are a recruitee, whether you like it or not.

PLAYBOY: So casual sex is out for the time being?

JOHNSON: If you have half a brain. One of the things that I'm very pleased about is that I'm doing *Miami Vice* in South Florida and not back in Sin City — LA — because the temptation is even greater back there. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: With your schedule, and the fact that you can't go out much, how *do* you meet women?

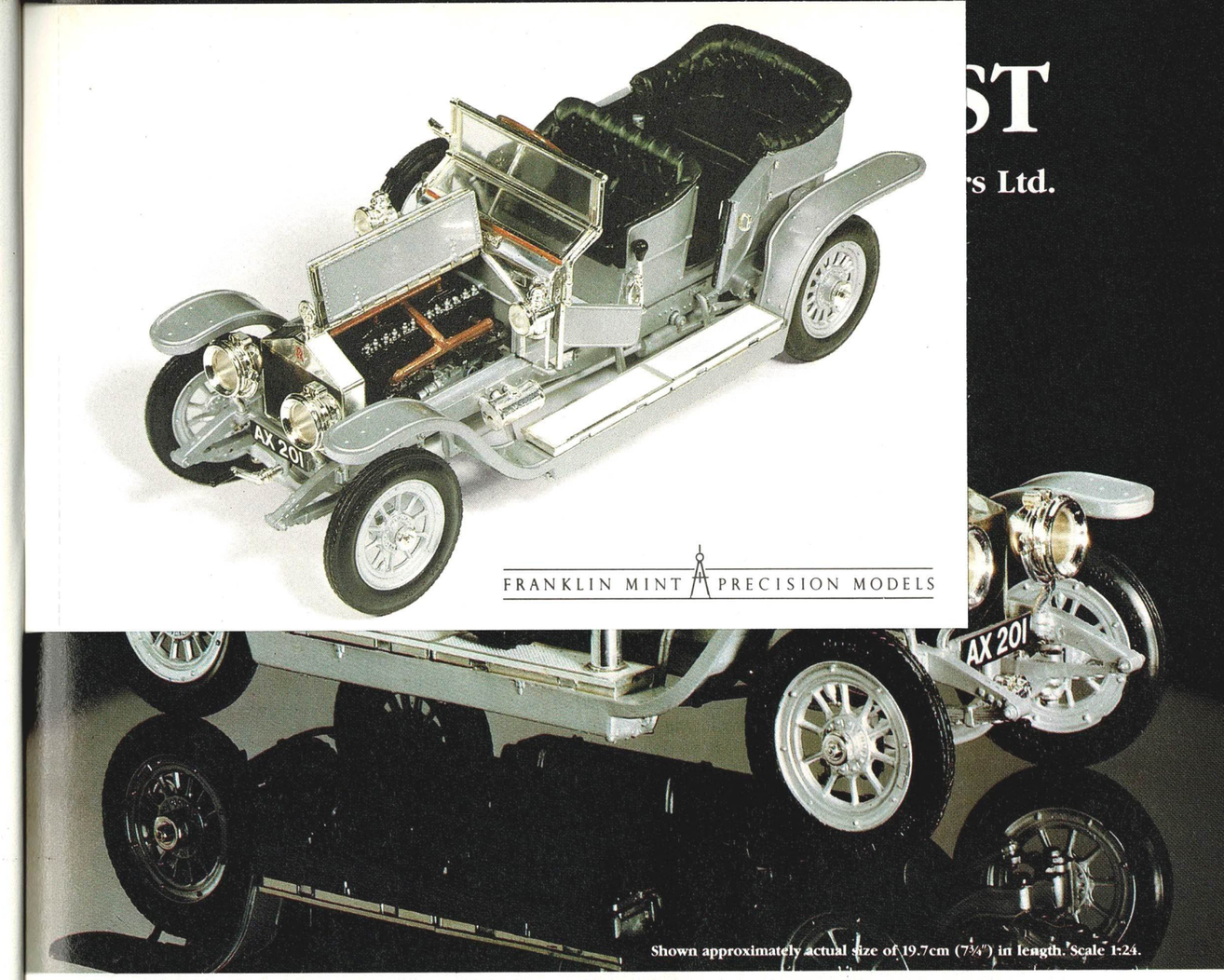
JOHNSON: How do you meet women anyway? You see them. You see a pretty woman and you say, "Damn, she's interesting looking." And you go over and you introduce yourself. Some people might think that Don Johnson can have any woman that he wants, but first of all he's got to jump a whole bunch of hurdles, because all of those women think the same thing, and that's the first hurdle that you've got to get over. The truth of the matter is that most of the women that feel that way are so inaccurate about it that we usually don't get past that initial hurdle. When we do get past that, it's often, "Hey, you're a pretty nice guy."

PLAYBOY: Surprise!

JOHNSON: Yeah, surprise. "Well, what the fuck did you think? I eat babies for breakfast?" The truth is I can't get out and meet nice ladies. I'm very selective and usually spend most of my time alone, because I don't have someone that I really care about right now.

PLAYBOY: Is that true? You spend most of your time alone?

JOHNSON: Yeah, I do. I work. I work, and then when I go home at night, I sit there and sometimes wonder, what am I doing? But



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it's temporary — I know it's a temporary thing. I know that I won't always have to work this hard and I know that eventually I'll run into somebody and they're going to be *it*. It's going to all happen for us, you know.

PLAYBOY: So you're looking for that?

JOHNSON: The thing I really miss is being able to share all this wonderful stuff with somebody. It's really a thrill, but when you can't share it with somebody, it's very empty.

PLAYBOY: Yet after three marriages you still feel that you really want that kind of relationship?

JOHNSON: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Are you capable of it?

JOHNSON: As I get older, the more capable I'm becoming. It's a new thing for me to want to care and be sensitive to someone else's needs and problems and not be so self-centred and selfish. It used to be, "Love me, love me, love me, but don't ask me for commitments." And that's pretty childish. Hell, in truth I don't know whether I am capable or not, but I feel like I am. I feel like I want to try. I know that I'm going to run into someone who is gentle and lovely and witty and intelligent and sophisticated and artistic — some gorgeous, long-legged creature. . .

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a personal ad.

JOHNSON: Yeah. And we're going to get along and she's going to understand me and I'm going to understand her and I'm going to be able to give her the space and yet the confines that she needs to grow and develop in and vice versa.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once say you weren't capable of monogamy?

JOHNSON: I probably did say that at one time and I probably meant it at the time. But I'd like to believe that I am, and I am damn sure going to give it a shot one of these days. I have hopes that we're headed for a new era in relationships — more traditional relationships. I don't know. I am anxiously awaiting my next opportunity to find out whether it's monogamy or (*laughs*) an open marriage or whatever.

PLAYBOY: And in the meantime?

JOHNSON: And in the meantime, God bless those sensitive and caring creatures that bestow upon me their favors on occasion. It's not simple. For everything that's eradicated because I have fame, money, whatever, you get three more problems that are more complicated. The biggest point is that I'm not into getting laid. Just getting laid is probably one of the most empty things that you can do at 36 years old. You get laid at 22. I did it until I was 32. If there isn't some value in it somewhere, some poetry in it somewhere, then fuck it: I'd rather go home alone or go home and talk to my little boy on the telephone or, when he's with me, go home and wrestle with him or take a ride in my boat or read a good book, which I haven't had a chance to do in three years since I started the show.

PLAYBOY: We touched on whether or not you become a monster in this kind of spotlight. We've heard stories about all this going to your head.

JOHNSON: Yeah, I've seen power at work in myself. You have to discipline yourself. At least I don't believe that I'm arbitrary. That's a difference. What may come off like arrogance — "He's the star of the show" shit — is simply a deep-rooted and sincere desire to make it better and to make it new and fresh and different each time, to not settle for, "Well, it's okay, it's TV." So I try to temper myself, in general, to not be impulsive. Also, I know what to look for. I have seen people, drunk with power, make decisions solely because they have the power to do it, even though the decisions will ultimately cause them pain and grief. That's abuse.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it abusive when you shut down the entire set of *Miami Vice* this year over a renegotiation of your contract?

JOHNSON: I was advised by my legal counsel on that, but it was after we had made attempts to deal with this before the show went into production. It was clear that for my position on the show, for the contribution that I make, I was grossly underpaid. My representatives opened this up to Universal and NBC, who all knew that I was grossly underpaid in comparison with everyone else of my stature in television. They were apprised of the fact that an adjustment was needed and they chose to ignore it. If they were trying to make an example of me, it didn't work. Meanwhile, our side conducted business like gentlemen while the other side went to the press. There were statements made by people who will remain nameless, like, "He shouldn't do this to us now. We're very powerful; we're on top."

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction?

JOHNSON: I didn't say anything at the time, because I felt that these were business matters and they should be handled like business and not in the press.

PLAYBOY: The boys at CBS Records are tapping their feet right about now over your first record. Why wasn't it enough to be a TV star? Why did you want to become a rock'n'roll star?

JOHNSON: [*Grins*] Because I *can*. It's such an inept answer to say, "I've been singing all my life." It seems sort of like I'm trying to convince somebody. But in truth it's just that I've always wanted to make a record, I've been singing all my life and finally I can. Somebody gave me the opportunity to do it the way I always wanted to do it. I have this persona as an actor and as a person of being this sort of street-smart, tough guy. Tough guys don't sing or dance, do they? So here was a chance to say, "Fuck this."

PLAYBOY: It seems as if there were two sides to your *Miami Vice* success when it came to the record. You had a lot of fans who went out and bought the record no matter what, but there were a lot of people out there saying, "Prove it to me."

JOHNSON: I felt the latter more. America has a preoccupation with building people up and tearing them down. We do it very well, better than anybody, I think. It's probably just a debauched way of passing the time. That, plus there is an incredible machine out there that has to be fed, the media machine.

PLAYBOY: So the record is a way to avoid being Starsky & Hutch?

JOHNSON: Yes. That image has left the indelible mark on the frontal lobe of millions of people. I've always been afraid of that. The record is one way out of that trap. From the beginning, I felt it was important to try and stay separate from the show, separate from the character. It's occupational suicide if you don't do it. And there was *resistance* to it. There were certain factions involved in the production that tried to convince us that if we left the fold it would be detrimental to the show. There was a lot of pressure put on both Philip [*Michael Thomas*] and me in the beginning to be one — to show up in the same limousine at openings, to be in the same interviews, the same photo sessions. It's no secret. If you keep them together as one and don't give them an identity, then they're a little easier to control, aren't they? It didn't take me long to realise that this was a fatal error. I took Philip aside and said, "Let me tell you something, pal, for better or for worse we've got to resist this. Because there is life after *Miami Vice* and if there isn't, then, by God, let us fall on our own. Let's not have to depend on one another's misfortunes or fortunes to exist." We made a pact right there on the spot. We said, "Okay, man, when we walk into a room, you pick one corner and I'll pick the other." And that's the way we did it. Philip understood it from the beginning.

PLAYBOY: You've discussed your alcohol and drug abuse in the past, but in the current climate, let's delve a little more deeply into it. How bad did it get?

JOHNSON: I know that when I was drinking and using, I built my day around it. "I'll meet you for drinks for this." "Let's go there; they make a great Bloody Mary." "You want to come over on Saturday for mimosas?" You know what I mean? People do it and they don't really think about it, and before you know it, you're into the alcohol syndrome. Same with drugs. "Let's get together and get loaded." So anyway, *nobody* got higher than I did for longer than I did. I found myself waking up in joints that I look back on now and say to myself, "What the fuck was I doing?" — waking up in a joint with a bunch of people laying around with needles in their arms and shit. First you want to know how you got there. Then why the fuck you're still there.

PLAYBOY: And the answer?

JOHNSON: When you're miserable, or when you're addicted, there's this weird

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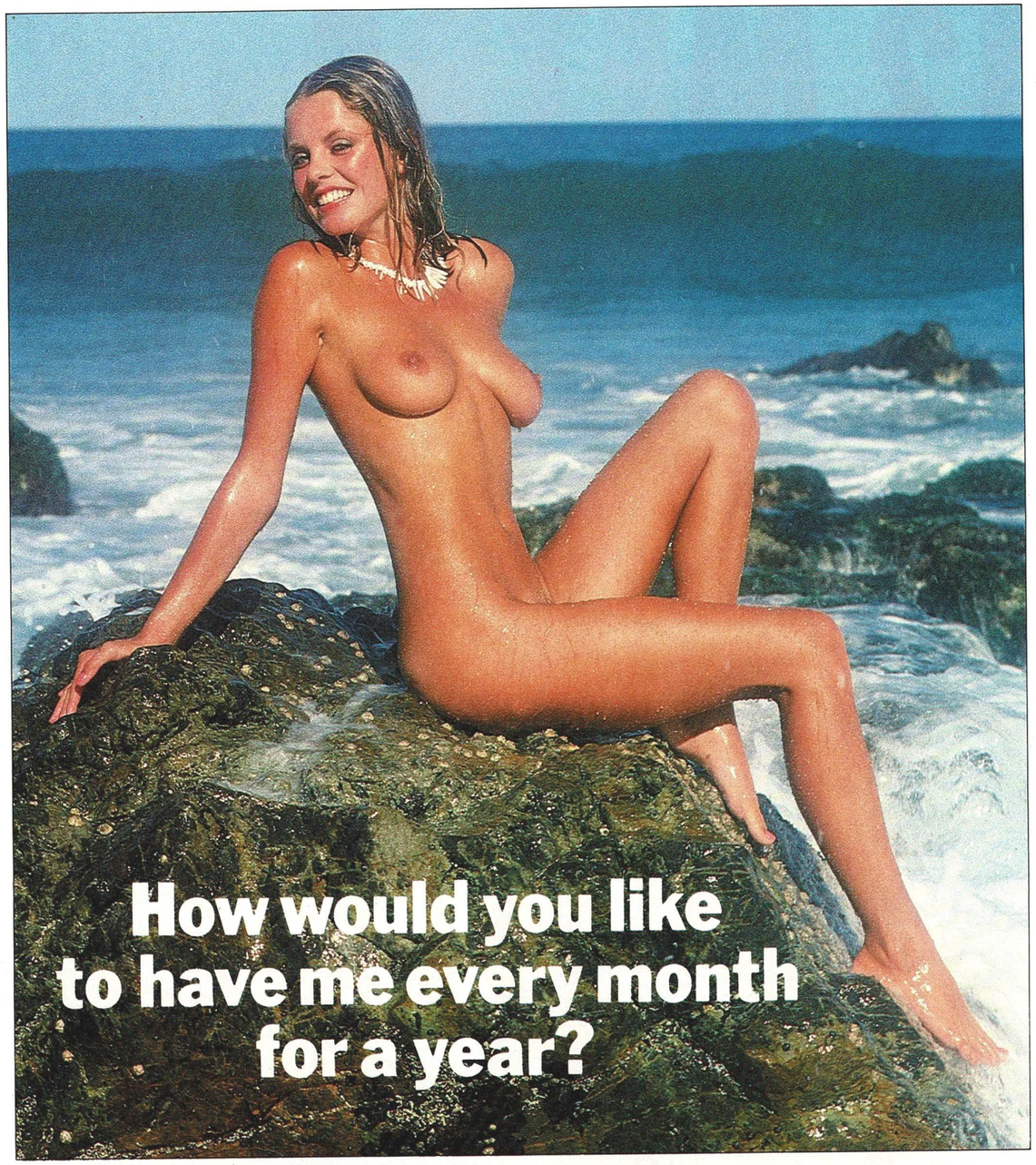

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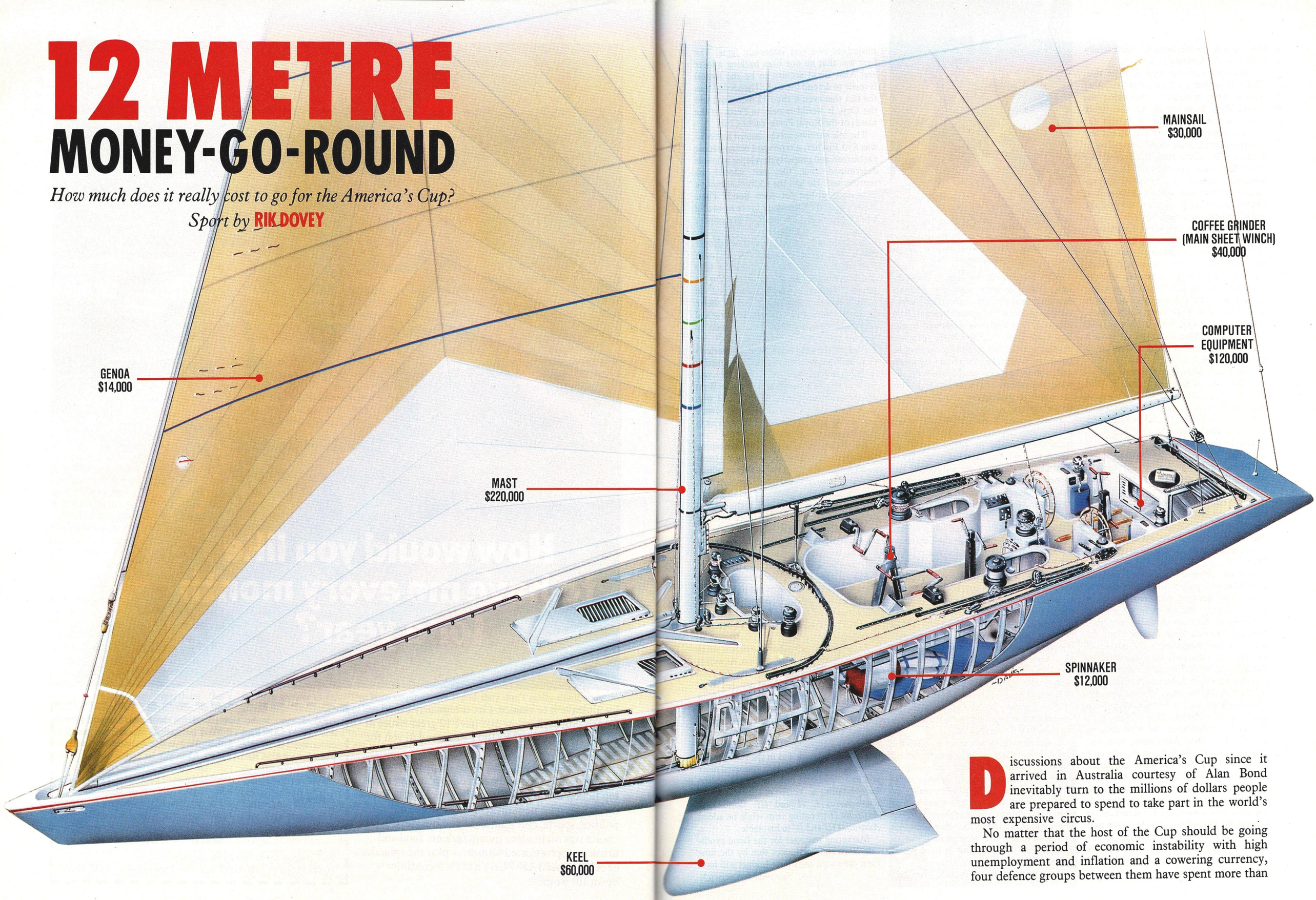


ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN DAVIS

Discussions about the America's Cup since it arrived in Australia courtesy of Alan Bond inevitably turn to the millions of dollars people are prepared to spend to take part in the world's most expensive circus.

No matter that the host of the Cup should be going through a period of economic instability with high unemployment and inflation and a cowering currency, four defence groups between them have spent more than

$55 million in the hope of successfully defending the America's Cup.

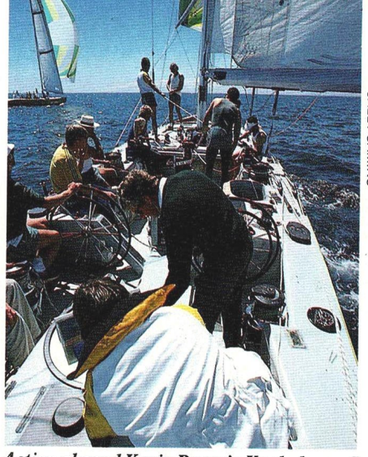
Compared with the total of more than $200 million that syndicates from six other nations have invested in removing the "Auld Mug" from our shores, that figure seems almost paltry. But it is still the greatest amount of money put up for any sporting event in Australian history. Toss in another $30 million from the federal and West Australian governments to provide adequate facilities for the sporting spectacular and you have yourself a $300 million extravaganza that is correctly dubbed the world's greatest sporting event.

All this for an event that until September 1983 was considered an eccentricity of the rich, a race in old-fashioned yachts that were ridiculously expensive and of no interest to average yachtsmen anywhere in the world. Acting as a french letter to the development of the America's Cup was its keeper, the New York Yacht Club, which, since it won the Cup from Britain in 1851, had constantly changed the rules to make it impossible for any challenger to compete on an equal footing.

Alan Bond, John Bertrand and particularly Ben Lexcen changed all that in 1983 with the yacht *Australia II* which was so much faster than the defender *Liberty* that they were able to win the Cup despite lapses in sailing that nearly let the Americans headed by the maverick Dennis Conner off the hook.

The end of the longest winning streak in sporting history grabbed the attention of sportsmen the world over. A yacht race became a truly international sporting event that has surpassed the Olympic Games, which have steadily sunk into an impossible political mire since the massacre of 11 Israeli athletes at the Munich Games in 1972.

Like the Olympic Games, the America's Cup has always pretended to be an amateur event. The deed of gift controlling the racing states that it is "a friendly competition between friendly nations". Nothing has ever been further from the truth. It has always been the object of wealthy men out to use it for their own ends. Publicly, of course, they have always stated that they have been defending or challenging for the Cup for the glory of their country. The New York Yacht Club has always been made up of members of the New York financial establishment. All who tried to win the Cup away from them have had ulterior motives, be it business, ego or a mixture of both. The man who challenged a record five times, grocer-turned-tea baron Sir Thomas Lipton, initially challenged for the Cup to curry favor with his country's yachting-mad monarchy. He succeeded in earning his knighthood, but he never won the Cup. Australia's first challenger, media magnate Sir Frank Packer, later put his ambition down to "an excess of alcohol and delusions of grandeur".



SALLY SAMINS

Action aboard Kevin Parry's Kookaburra I with sister yacht Kookaburra II in background.

Alan Bond used the Cup to boost his image as a winner with the financial establishment of the east coast which refused to accept the upstart braggart from the west. In addition he promised to take the Cup back to his latest property development at Yanchep to the north of his hometown Perth. Yanchep Sun City was an arid subdivision of sand dunes on the windswept shores of the Indian Ocean. For the publicity brochures he had the sand painted green.

It was to take Bond $8.5 million to win the Cup over 10 years, but he made far more from the contacts he made within the American financial establishment. When Australian institutions refused to lend him money for enterprises they considered too risky, he simply jumped on a USA-bound aircraft and raised the money from his Cup contacts.

In 1983 he finally proved what he had been saying all along — that the Cup could be won. But as he fights for the right to defend it, he concedes he had no idea then of the financial can of worms he was opening.

His 1983 campaign cost $3.5 million. On his triumphant return to Australia he drew up a budget of $6 million. That, he determined, would enable him to run a two-boat campaign over three years including construction of a successor to *Australia II*. There was never any guarantee that Bond would realise his second ambition of successfully defending the Cup. He had won it on behalf of the Royal Perth Yacht Club and under the deed of gift the Club was entitled to invite anyone to try and earn the right to sail on its behalf.

In the first flush of victory in 1983 the club was inundated with offers to defend the Cup. Yachtsmen and businessmen in every state began planning defence campaigns. But it was not long before reality set in. The reality was money — cold, hard cash. No wealthy businessmen were offering to open their wallets; rather they had to go to businessmen and corporations cap in hand and ask for donations in the form of sponsorship.

Most failed dismally because they had misjudged two very important facts. The first was that no one likes backing a loser and Alan Bond seemed to be the logical favorite to defend the Cup. The second was the fact that even if their 12 metre did win the Cup, it would remain in Perth in the hands of the Royal Perth Yacht Club.

The sole survivor on the eastern seaboard was Syd Fischer, a renowned ocean-racing yachtsman and property developer who was determined that the east should be represented. He had the additional motive of a deep dislike for Alan Bond. Their clashes on and off the water in ocean-racing circles are still the stuff of waterfront legend.

Adelaide advertising executive Roger Lloyd had long dreamed of a South Australian entrant in the America's Cup and with the support of yachting knight Sir James "Gilbert" Hardy succeeded in putting together that state's first 12 metre campaign through a completely parochial approach, enticing local businessmen to support a $7.5 million push.

Back in the new home of the America's Cup, another potential defender emerged in the most unlikely form of Kevin Parry, one more of the new breed of self-made West Australian businessmen. When Bond won the Cup in 1983, Parry did not even own a boat and was the first to admit his interest in matters marine was non-existent.

But the man who had gone from running his father's furniture-manufacturing business to heading a corporation with retailing, media, property and technology interests was quickly convinced by enthusiastic lieutenants that the new technological demands of 12 metre design fitted with the technological developments his own company was undertaking and he threw himself into the fray. His motto? "Leave no stone unturned to be successful."

His first move was to hire champion yachtsman Iain Murray to put together the campaign and skipper their boat. His initial budget was $4.5 million. Today it has blown out to $22 million and Parry does not regret spending a cent.

Alan Bond's budget has also blown out to the tune of more than $20 million. As well as building *Australia III* which won the 1986 world championships, Bond decided to go ahead and build another Twelve, but a bout of racing with Parry's first two *Kookaburras* after the championships convinced him he needed a faster boat if he was to be the defender of the Cup. The two groups had never been friendly and in the final year of the Cup the syndicate heads approved more and more money in order to beat the other. Parry built a total of three boats, *Kookaburras I, II* and *III*. Bond kept *Australia II* in racing trim while he added *Australias III* and *IV* to his stable.

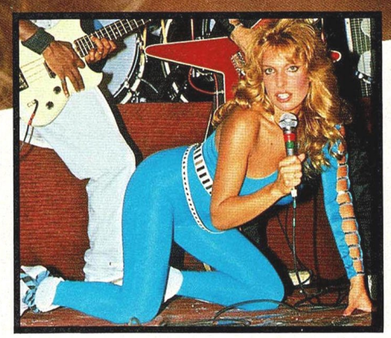
Marketing manager for the Bond syndicate Vern Reid estimates that by the time their campaign ends their budget will have

(continued on page 92)

MAKING IT BIG

Vocalist and model Becky LeBeau will make you rock hard.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER



The unforgettable Becky LeBeau first appeared in our raunchy Girls Of Rock'n'Roll pictorial in the February 1985 edition of Australian PLAYBOY. Two years later, we've still been getting requests from readers anxious to see more of the bouncy Miss LeBeau.

Back in 1984, Becky was performing with the rock group Mischief. Since then, she's established an international modelling career and, from what we can see, she's way out in front of the competition. With those divine blonde looks, long legs and other rather obvious attributes, the carefree Becky is much in demand for assignments that take her around the world. Photographer Michael Ancher describes Becky as a happy-go-lucky, very sociable girl who likes to be seen in all the right places and to keep up with international trends. "I like to keep abreast of things," she says. You said it, Miss LeBeau!

SEX WITH AN EX

When she comes swooping back into your life, you may get more than you bargained for.
Article by **LIZ BRODY**

ONE HOT SUMMER day out in the middle of nowhere, petrol station attendant John was feeling lonely and bored. Suddenly, out of the blue, he spotted a gorgeous girl in a Mercedes 450 SL convertible with the top down cruising up to his garage. As the car got closer, he recognised the driver to be a girl he had casually dated at uni — a girl with a cool million in her own name and a hot passion running through her voluptuous body. "I don't know how she found me," says John, now a 27-year-old marketing manager in Hobart, "but she stayed a week and it was great."

Sex with your ex can be excellent, and many psychologists agree that such encounters are therapeutically valuable as well. Rekindling an old flame can resolve an unfinished relationship and put haunting romantic ghosts to rest. It can open up new levels of intimacy with a former mate. And it can tell you a lot about who you are, where you've been and how you've grown.

Experts also caution that seeing a lover from your past has its dangers. Sex with your ex can mean discovering that a fantasy has grown stale. It can resurrect destructive old patterns and disappointing sex. Furthermore, in some cases, unconscious fears and desires can keep you hanging on to an old girlfriend long after you should be moving on.

If a sexual reunion is going to work, you'll need to shift your focus from the past to the present and take responsibility for getting what you want. According to one leading psychologist, you should express yourself fully and listen carefully to her. "Lower your expectations of the other person," he says, "and concentrate on yourself. Most of all, don't force things to be the same."

Sex with an ex comes in many varieties and, depending on the particular scenario, different things happen behind the scenes — or under the covers, as it were. Here are some of the ways it can go:

Flash Fires: For the bloke with an eye toward fun without commitment, sex with an ex can certainly beat the standard one-night stand. Author and columnist Dr. Joyce Brothers agrees that "the fun of the novelty, while knowing what it is he or she likes, can make for great sex," when old lovers get together. This was certainly true for John.

It was also true for 31-year-old Richard from Bundaberg who had sex regularly with exes from all parts of his past while working as assistant manager at a night-club. Ex-girlfriends from high school would occasionally stop at the plush bar for a drink. If the feeling was right, he would give them the key to his flat and meet them there after he got off work. They'd sleep together and go on their separate ways the following

day, often not meeting again for months. "It was an easygoing atmosphere as far as sex was concerned," he says, "because sex was no longer looked at as part of a relationship. It was much more relaxed. It was just sex for sex's sake."

Getting back together after a recent breakup: Richard also experienced restarting a serious relationship that was better the second time around. When Roxanne walked back into his life, "I thought I was truly in love," says Richard. "It was no longer the puppy love I had felt before. We lived for quite a while in bliss."

Another well-known psychologist says, "It is conceivable that in the original relationship you were not in a developed stage. Maybe now you have a more mature outlook and ability to handle relationships."

For Richard, part of the difference was getting over the nagging feeling that he was missing out on someone better by being tied to Roxanne. By the time she came back into his life several months after the original breakup, he had gone out with many other girls and he was able to feel comfortable knowing that she was the best girl for him at the time.

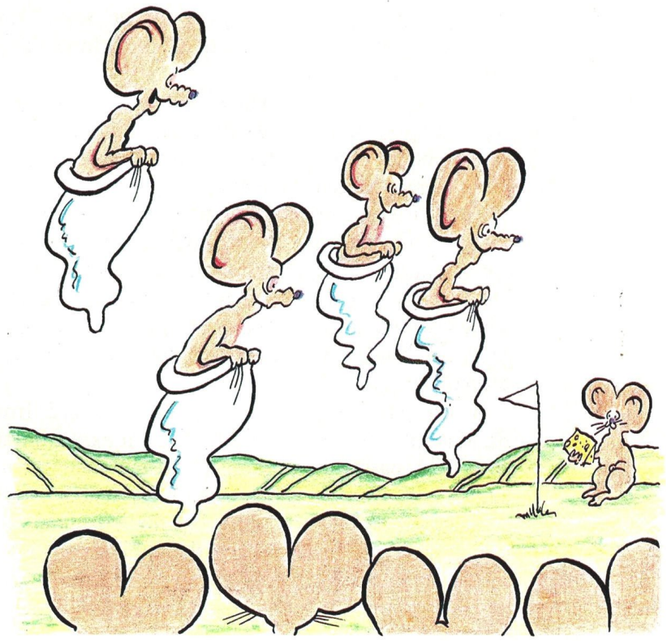
Sex was definitely the driving impulse that kept Bill and Tina seeing each other for two years after they officially broke up. She hadn't done much sexually before she met Bill, and the two of them learned new things together by watching porno movies. Then they did everything. The original breakup had been difficult for Bill, who at 30 owns a restaurant in Sydney. He says, "I couldn't even get it up for the first six months after. I would think of her all the time I was in bed with another girl. I couldn't go for two weeks without having her." Bill believed that Tina was his ideal sexual mate. He compared all other women to her and it wasn't until she started talking about marriage that his desire for her finally began to fade.

Sometimes a relationship gets rekindled out of a simple desire to answer unsolved questions about yourself or your former mate. Bill sought out another ex, Brenda, because, when the two lived together, he'd suspected her of doing drugs. She would deny it, but he was never completely sure. After one lie too many, he threw her out of the house.

"The reason I was interested in seeing her again," he says, "was to find out if all the lies were true lies. I didn't mind her doing the drugs — we would just try to get her off them. I just hated the lying."

When they met again, they were able to communicate honestly and she admitted to doing drugs. With that question resolved, he was able to forge a new friendship with her over the years that included sex. "Now I expect her to lie," he says, "I can accept it in a friend; not a serious lover. I like her company, but it's not an emotional investment."

Dr Brothers says that what is going on in a case like that is a psychological process called "closure". She feels that the closure, or the getting rid of tension by resolving unfinished business, is the most important motivating force behind one's desire to see an ex-girlfriend. "The main function of rekindling old flames," she says, "is to put the thing to rest. It stops bothering you when you find out why she wasn't right for you to begin with. Or you find out what was right about her and relight the fire. You put a period or part of your life to rest."



"Where'd you get these things for the sack race?"

Danny, a 25-year-old salesman in Fremantle, got a "furious desire" to see his ex-girlfriend Carla, a professional dancer, several months after they broke up. So one night around 11 he jumped in the car and drove over to her club to see her show, full of fear that he would be rejected. She turned out to be delighted and they ended up going back to her place, making love and falling asleep. "I got up while she was still sleeping and just left. I went out to my car and felt great. I felt a romance about her," Danny explains, "and I relate her to a wild and unfettered time in my life." Dan's impulsive visit didn't lead to anything more than that one night together but it enabled him to quench a nostalgic thirst.

The blast from the past: When, through coincidence or by a devious twist of fate, a long lost love reappears in your life after years of distance, you should be prepared for change.

For Max, the change involved his own personal growth, and it made his reunion with Mia a very positive experience. When he first arrived in Sydney to get into the modelling business, Max was 23, broke and living in a caravan. Life was made bearable by an affair with Mia, a 30-year-old woman who taught him about sex, love and art, and at times took care of him financially. They travelled all over the country together until the relationship finally busted up one day in Surfers Paradise.

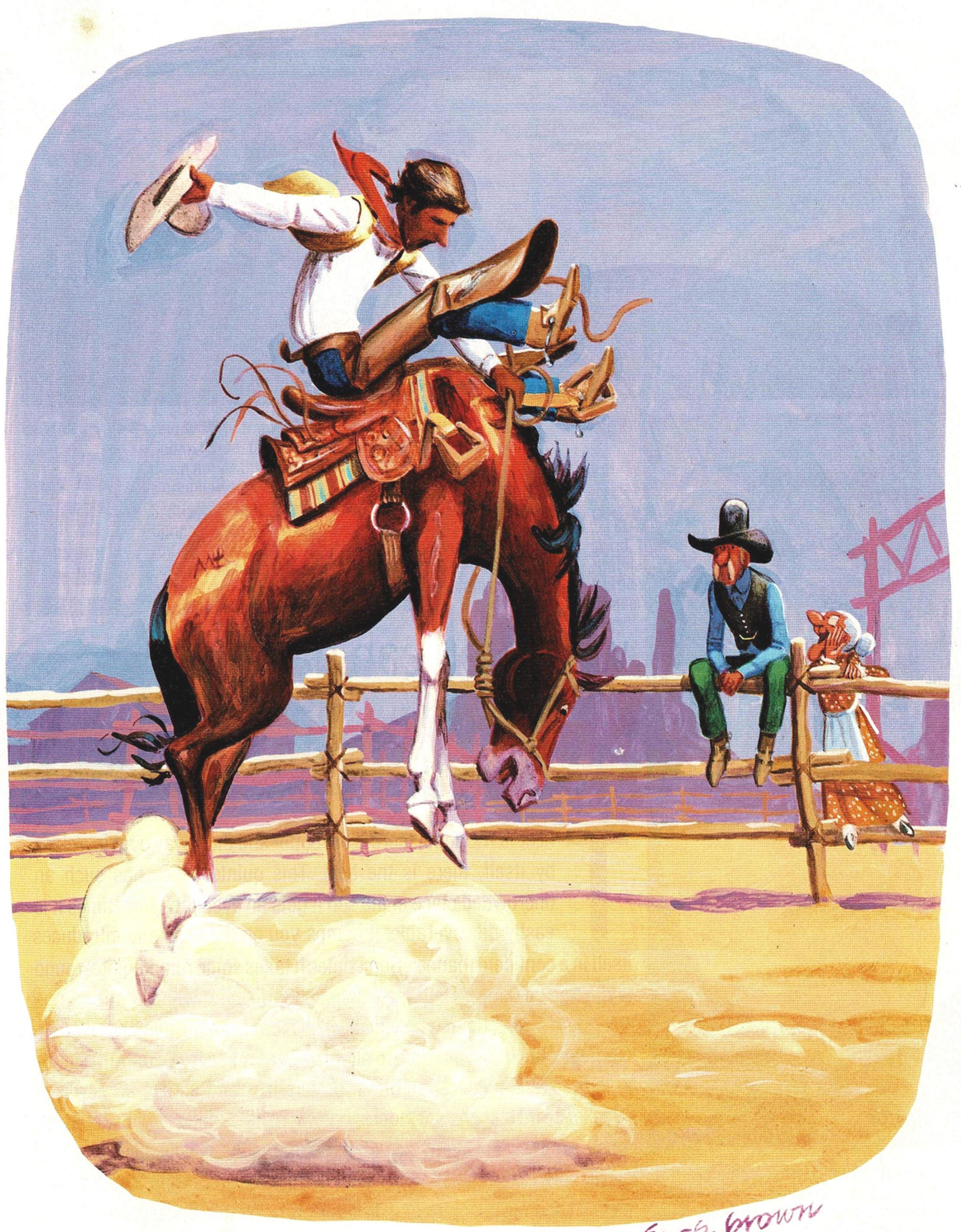
Years later, Mia came back to Sydney. She was married and had a child. Meanwhile Max had made great strides in his career and was doing well financially. Mia came over to Max's house for dinner and they fell into bed together. "It was great," says Max who felt that he had grown from "pupil" to "colleague" in her absence.

Twenty-four-year-old actor Ryan from Adelaide was not so pleased with the changes he saw when he got together with ex-girlfriend Angie. Long after she had dumped him, she came back into town one Christmas and they got together. "She had changed," he says, "from cute and conservative to liberal, feminist, executive power trip. When we went out, I was the dominant person, but when she came back from university she took charge." He resisted her sexual overtures.

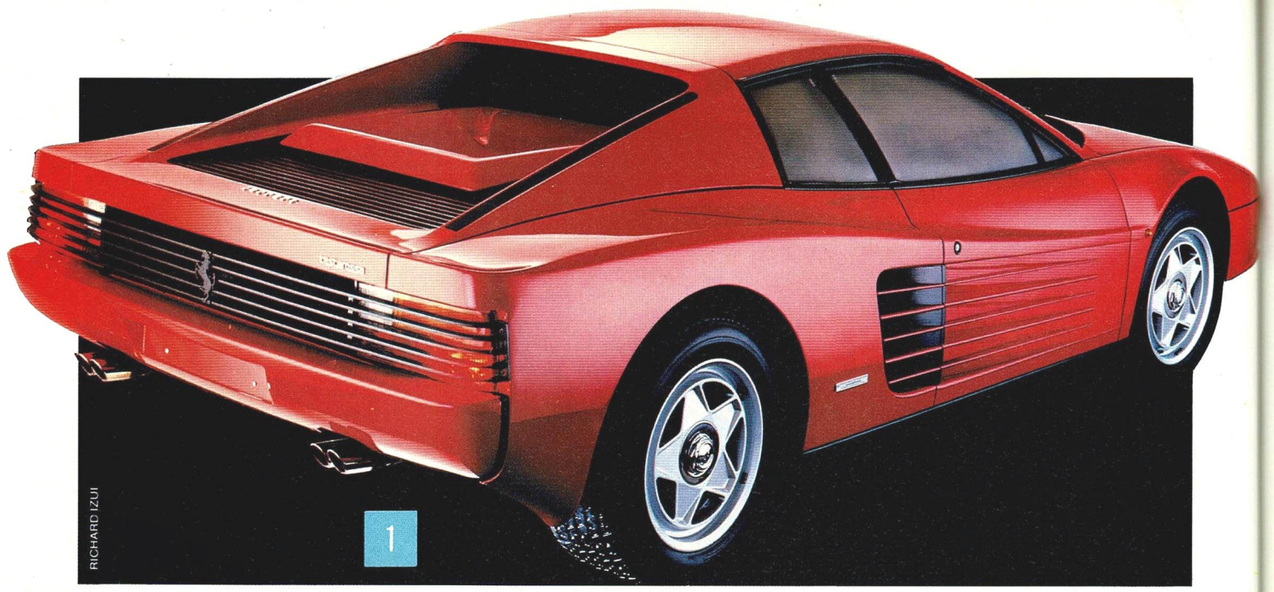
A reunion with a blast from the past can really fall flat if you harbor high expectations that everything will be exactly the same, or better, than it was. Our psychologist says, "The longer it's been since you broke up, the less likely it is to be the same. The danger is in thinking you're going to go back and recapture the moment you had."

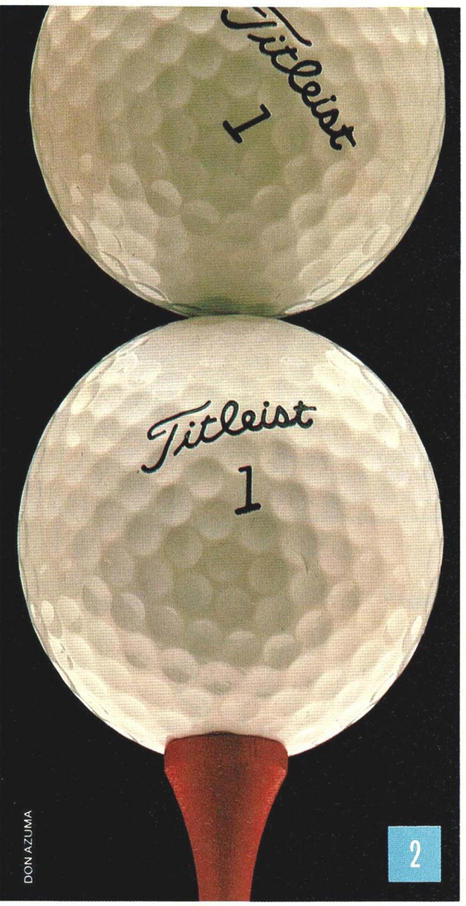
He also stresses that sex can be disappointing: "Often, in the attempt to match what they had," he says, "reunited ex-lovers experience performance pressure." He advises, "Don't try to have the greatest experience that ever happened. Try to enjoy the simple things — a dinner,

(continued on page 60)



"That could be you and me in the bunkhouse tonight, sugar."





THE BEST

when you can have anything, don't settle for less

THERE IS THE good, there is the better and then, way over in a class by itself, there is the best. This quintessence has such an uncrowded place in the sun it gets an even tan. Sometimes it is easily discoverable: it bumps you on the nose and introduces itself in a confident manner. Sometimes it takes some rummaging around and some coaxing to find the truly superlative. But what's important is that there's something with which we can battle all the junk that clutters our lives. So, as an antidote to all we've been made to put up with, here's reason to live: a collection of our preferences, of things that represent excellence in its many splendors. And we're not talking simply about the most expensive. Quality is what counts, that irreducible gleam of perfection, that moment when someone finally got it right, whether in a piece of serious business or in a comic strip. In this uncertain times, it's reassuring to know that some problems have elegant solutions. We can stop worrying about them and keep moving. And if sometimes the best things in life aren't exactly cost-free, well, that's why they invented money in the first place. So here's a feast of the finest things, on us.

1. DREAM MACHINE: The red-hot Ferrari Testarossa is a dreamer of a screamer. The ultimate road warrior can be yours for a cool half-a-million. Get those Lotto coupons in now.

2. HAVIN' A BALL: The Titleist, by Acushnet, is the most successful ball on the US PGA Tour, with more than twice the earnings of all others combined.

PERSONAL BEST

3. DON'T LOSE THAT NUMBER: Full marks to Rolodex, a long-time ally of the forces of good in the hopelessly ongoing battle between order and chaos.

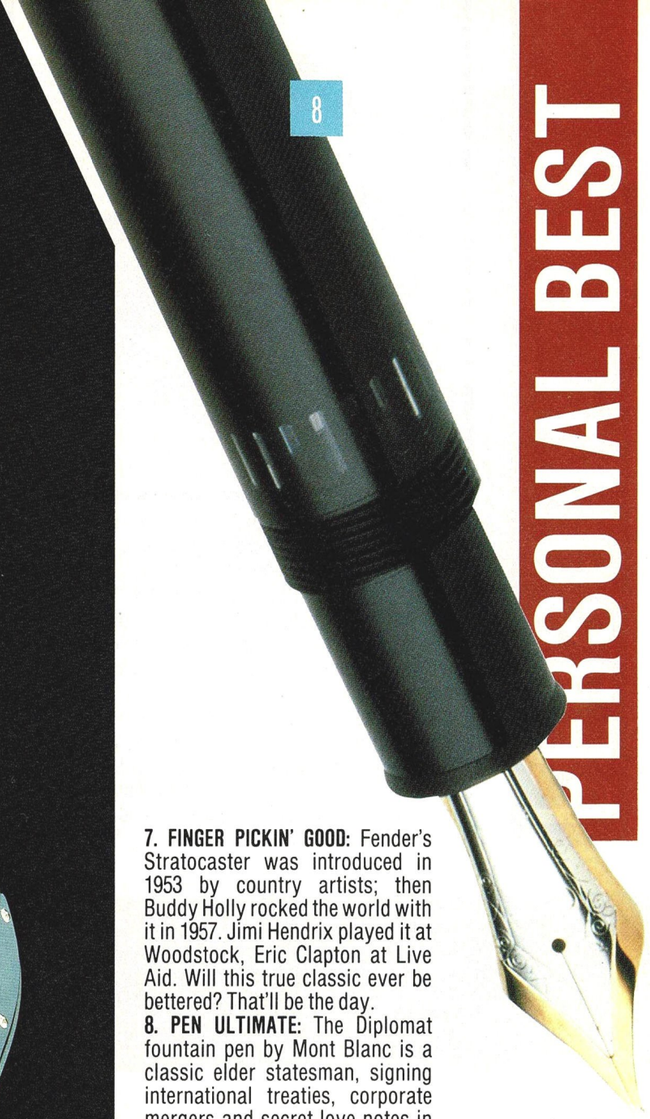
4. SLOW BURN: The Davidoff Rothschild Corona takes seven years from seed to store. It's blended from three Cuban harvests; production is limited. If you can't track down one of these, any cigar wearing a Davidoff label is a premium second best.

5. CUSTOM WHEELS: You'll need to go to East Haddam, Connecticut to pick up one of these. J.P. Weigle Cycles roll off a *very* slow assembly line and feature classy custom frame and snazzy, multicolor paint, Cinelli bar and stem, Rolls saddle, Assos rims and Campagnolo Record C components.

6. CLOSE SHAVE: From Porsche design, double-head, titanium-enriched foil over precision-honed stainless-steel cutters angled at 22 degrees. It's cordless and rechargeable. If Don Johnson used a shaver, this would be it.

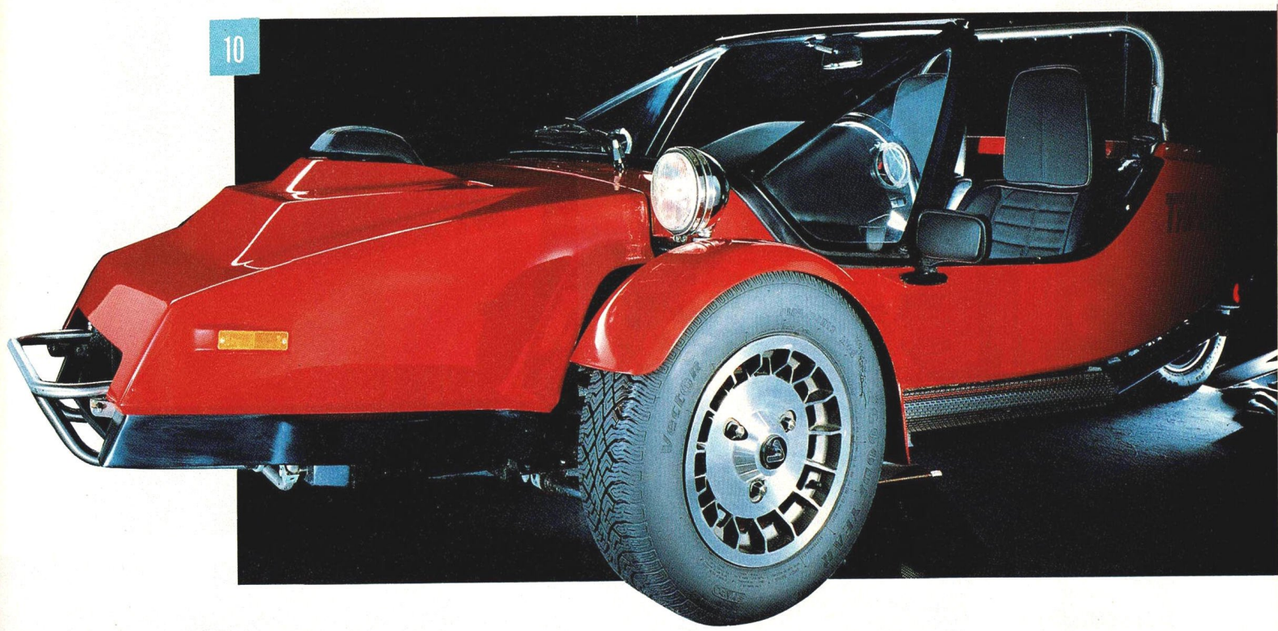
DON AZUMA

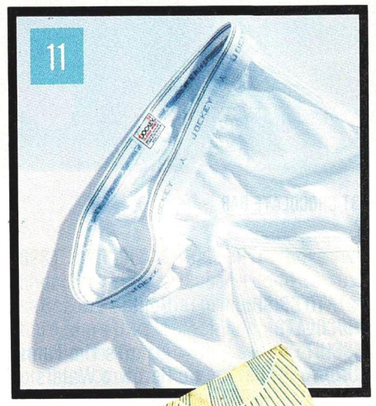
PERSONAL BEST



7. FINGER PICKIN' GOOD: Fender's Stratocaster was introduced in 1953 by country artists; then Buddy Holly rocked the world with it in 1957. Jimi Hendrix played it at Woodstock, Eric Clapton at Live Aid. Will this true classic ever be bettered? That'll be the day.

8. PEN ULTIMATE: The Diplomat fountain pen by Mont Blanc is a classic elder statesman, signing international treaties, corporate mergers and secret love notes in every language for more than 50 years. The white crest on the cap is for Mont Blanc, the highest peak in the Alps, and the 4810 etched into the nib is its height in metres. For die-hard pencil pushers, there's a companion mechanical one that probably resembles Cary Grant in his next life.





9. JUST GIVE US MONEY: It doesn't exist just to buy things with — some money is good-looking, too. Our pick for the best use of art on filthy lucre is from the Seychelles, islands that are pretty good-looking themselves and so isolated in the Indian Ocean they remain an unspoilt hideaway.

10. TOY FOR THE BOY: The Trihawk, from Harley-Davidson, is technically a motor cycle. In real life, it's the fastest and sexiest thing on three wheels.

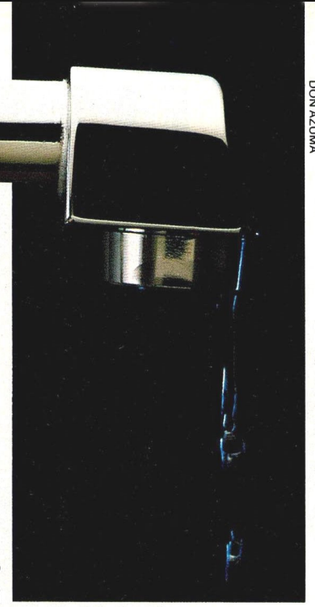
11. THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT: A special lifetime achievement award to Jockey shorts. Life would be a lot less comfortable without them.

12. TIME WASTER: Audemars Piguet's Grand Complication is an 18ct gold Swiss pocket watch hand made in a very limited edition. It's a 12-function timepiece with a perpetual and lunar calendar. If you need to ask the price, you can't afford it.

CONSUMING PASSIONS

BEST FIRST CLASS AIRLINE MEAL

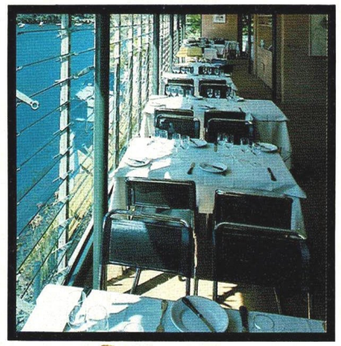
BEST FIRST CLASS AIRLINE MEAL: It's hard to believe that the country that thought up fondue could produce the best airline food in the world, but practically everybody who does that long, hard, international first-class duty agrees that it's Swissair. Let's see, we'll start with the *terrine de foie de volaille aux morilles*, and then the *homard au champagne et fleurons*, then for the main course, the *chateaubriand* looks acceptable . . .



DON AZUMA

BEST TAP WATER

BEST CHOCOLATE BAR



BEST SUNDAY LUNCH

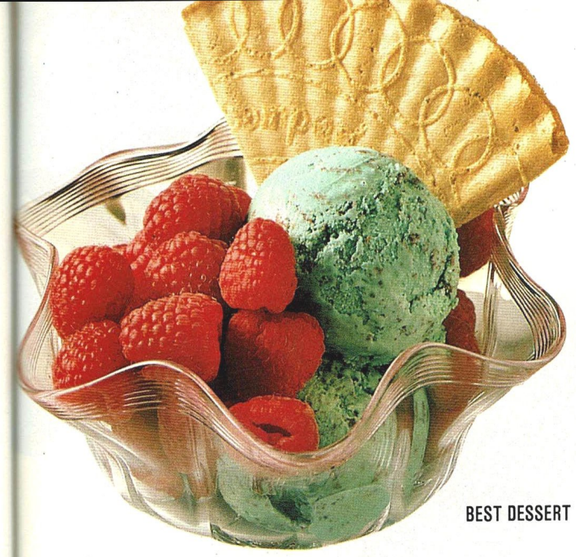
BEST WINE PERSONALITY

BEST BITES

POTATO CRISP CHOCOLATE BISCUIT	Smith's Lites
SUNDAY LUNCH	Berowra Waters Inn
STUFF ON A STICK DESSERT	Pluto Pups Chocmint ice cream and fresh raspberries
SEAFOOD	Queensland mud crab
MOVIE SNACK	Hot popcorn and Fantales
CHINESE FIX	Imperial Peking Harborside, Sydney

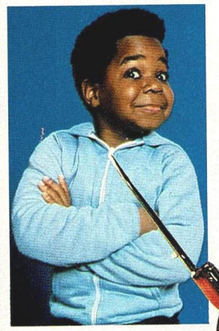
GO WITH THE FLOW

MINERAL WATER	Bisleri
WINE PERSONALITY	Wolf Blass
TAP WATER	Melbourne
COCKTAILS WITH THE WORKS	The Regent Of Fiji
HOTEL BAR	The Marble Bar, Sydney Hilton
CAPPUCCINO	The Arch Coffee Lounge, East Sydney
LONG BLACK	Grace Jones
SHORT BLACK	Arnold of *Diff'rent Strokes*



BEST DESSERT

BEST CHOCOLATE BAR: For those who reckon chocolate runs a close second to sex, the most satisfying oral orgasm must be a mouthful of cold, hard Mars Bar. Well-chilled, finely sliced and then fanned on a plate with a scoop of good ice cream on the side, it's a contender for Best Dessert, too.



BEST SHORT BLACK

BEST LONG BLACK

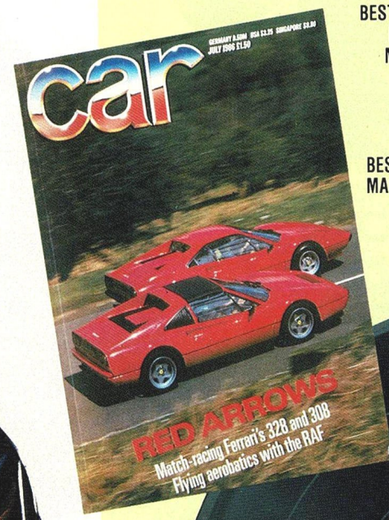
MEDIA RARE

TELEVISION SERIES *Fawlty Towers.* **AUSTRALIAN MOVIE** *Sunday Too Far Away.* **SCREEN CHEMISTRY** Ford and McGillis in *Witness.* **SCREEN CLIMAX** Nicholson and Lange in *The Postman Always Rings Twice.* **SCREEN RHYTHM METHOD** Travolta and Curtis in *Perfect.* **SCREEN HERO** Indiana Jones in *Raiders Of The Lost Ark.* **SCREEN HEROINE** Ripley in *Aliens.* **MOVIE SCENE** Brando and Steiger in the taxi in *On The Waterfront.* **MISQUOTED MOVIE LINE** Play It Again, Sam. **JAZZ LP OF ALL TIME** *Kind Of Blue* by Miles Davis. **PIPES, LONG-HAUL DIVISION** Frank Sinatra. **SEDUCTION SONG** *Tonight's The Night* by Rod Stewart. **LOVE SONG** *First Time Ever I Saw Your Face* by Roberta Flack. **CAR MAGAZINE** Britain's *Car.* **NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD** *Sunday Times,* London. **NEWSPAPER IN AUSTRALIA** *The Sydney Morning Herald.*

BEST TELEVISION SERIES

BEST SCREEN HERO

BEST SCREEN RHYTHM METHOD



BEST CAR MAGAZINE

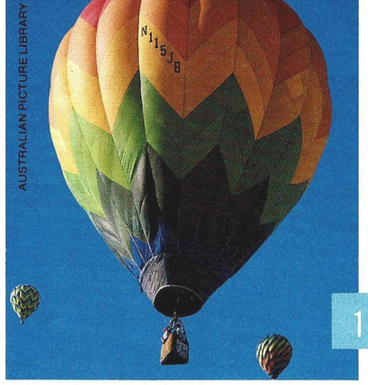
BEST JAZZ LP OF ALL TIME

RCA/COLUMBIA PICTURES/HOYTS VIDEO

RICHARD IZUI

ULTIMATE R & R

The way you choose to relax – and where – should exploit the best the world has to offer. Our top-of-the-line choices:



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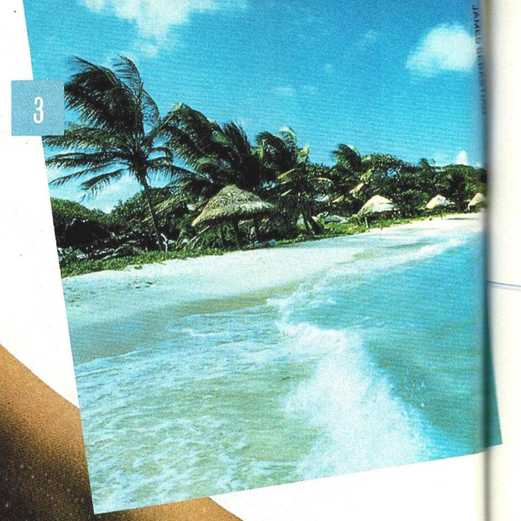

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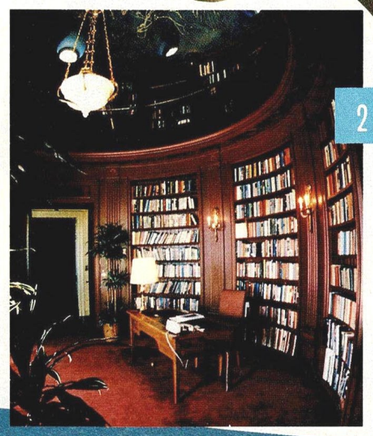
1. BEST FIVE DREAM HOLIDAYS: Our travel writer Susan Kurosawa knows a piece of paradise when she spies it. Her choices: on safari in East Africa, banana daiquiris on any beach in the Maldives, a week at the Villa d'Este at Lake Como, hot-air ballooning over French chateau country and a bungalow for two on the newly revamped Bedarra Island at the Reef.

2. BEST HOTEL SUITE: The Penthouse Suite atop The Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco has three bedrooms, a full kitchen, a secret-passage library, a games room, maid and butler. Yours for around $6000 but that does include cable TV.

3. MOST ROMANTIC CARIBBEAN ISLAND: Petit St Vincent. Just south of St Lucia, PSV (as old hands call it) is an island that's *all* resort. Not exactly just around the corner but well worth the getting there.



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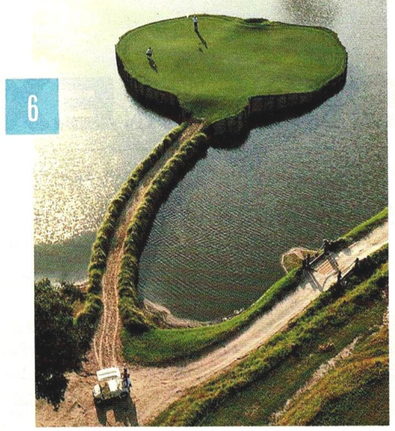
4. BEST GIRL - WATCHING SPOT : There's no better, more mind-boggling ogling than on Copacabana Beach, Rio de Janeiro. The combination of Brazilian women and the suits they don't quite wear is enough to make a man realise the best is not only worth having, it's worth just looking at.

5. TOP 20 MINUTES ON SKIS: Powderhounds generally agree Val d'Isere in France represents skidom's pinnacle. And not all the excitement is on the slopes: there's as much apres-ski activity as you can handle.

5



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6. BEST GOLF COURSE (THAT YOU CAN PLAY): The TPC course at Sawgrass Resort in Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida. There are four courses with holes, such as the one shown here, that are beautiful and challenging — or just maddening.

7. BEST HONEYMOON HIDEAWAY: Huka Lodge at Lake Taupo in New Zealand's North Island. In New *Ziland?* Astonishing as it sounds, this elegant retreat is the most beautifully appointed and totally private hideaway we've discovered. You can fish, too. No sheepskin rugs in the rooms. Promise.

4

HERBERT HESSELMANN

SEX WITH AN EX *(continued from page 50)*

Paul remembers: "We never actually made love. We did a lot of necking and bowlegged walking to the door."

holding hands, sharing a rose."

Paul, a successful actor, had terrific memories of his girlfriend, Jane, from high school. He remembers, "We never actually made love. We did a lot of touching around it — on the neck, on the stomach, on the thighs. Never did it. Never touched it. We did a lot of necking and bowlegged walking to the door. We teased the hell out of each other but that's the way it was in those days."

When his agent phoned one day and said that some woman named Jane had called, Paul rang her back immediately. On the other end of the line she asked, "Do you remember me?" and he thought to himself, "Remember her? She was one of my all-time great loves." She told him that she was in town and divorced. They decided to meet for a drink and his mind began to race about fulfilling a 20-year-old fantasy.

But when she walked into the bar, he was devastated. "She had gone downhill," says Paul. "She had really stopped living when she was 18 and had just begun to age." As they drank to their past, the thought of sleeping with her crossed his mind, but, while his curiosity was aroused, his libido was not, and he ended up going home alone.

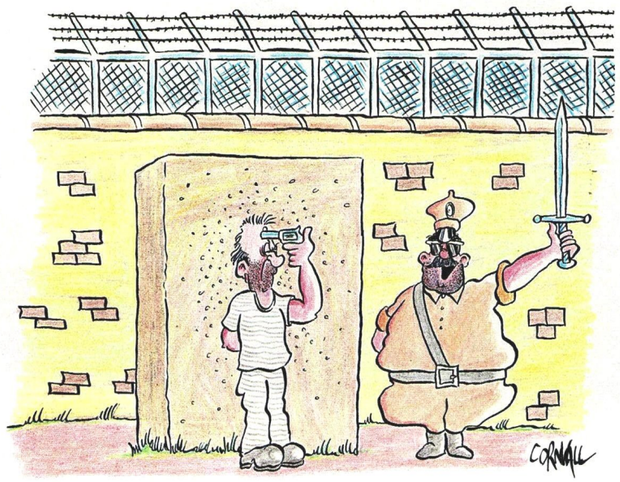
While the reality fell way short of Paul's expectations, he took advantage of the meeting to examine his life. "This is not the same girl," he thought to himself, "and I'm not the same Paul. I have some 20 years of growing on me. Had we made love and had I got her pregnant in high school, I could still be married to this girl, working in a factory somewhere with several kids." He took the chance to explore this chapter of his past and later turned it into a short story, thereby closing the book on Jane.

Clinical psychologist Judith K. Sherven believes that if you're observant like Paul, rekindling an old flame can tell you a lot about yourself. "In going back to exes," she says, "people can catch a glimpse of themselves. The experience provides a lot of information and is an excellent barometer of personal growth."

The obsession: When an ex-girlfriend overtakes your fantasies and interferes with your ability to find intimacy with other women, having sex with her can prolong the emotional trauma.

Mike, who at 32 owns his own PR firm in Perth, suffers from fear of attachment. He has not one ex, but two, and both fall into the same pattern. He had serious relationships with Susan and Mary which both ended when the women wanted marriage and he dodged the commitment in favor of bachelorhood. At two different times after they married, the women each called up out of the blue and told Mike they wanted to see him. Susan's husband turned out to be a cheater and Mary's a beater. In both cases, Mike rose to the occasion. "I never would have called either one," he says, "but it is important to me that they're happy. Somehow I designated myself a savior for them. I will always be there."

While Mary is out of Mike's life for the moment, still unhappily married, Susan is very much in it. Mike says of Susan, "She still has influence on what I do, who I am. If I'm going to screw up my life, I'll let her do it. She is my fantasy." The problem is, she is still married, has children and a cosy financial situation, none of which she is likely to leave.



"Ready. . . aim. . . sorry it's the squad's day off. . ."

Bob, a 33-year-old real estate agent in Newcastle, found himself in a pattern of avoiding closeness when it was available and seeking it when it was not. His relationship with Karen began when they were very young and ended after two years when she insisted on getting married. Soon after, she married someone else.

Five years later, Bob was in a bad car accident. While recuperating, Karen paid him a call. She had just had a baby against her husband's wishes and he hadn't touched the child for six months. Karen and Bob walked around the block together and talked. They soon began sleeping together when her husband wasn't looking.

During that period the relationship took a giant step forward from the puppy love that had bound them in their youth. Says Bob, "Our relationship didn't mature until after my accident." Unfortunately, during that period Karen gave birth to a second child.

Bob has never been certain that he is not the child's father. He sees Karen once or twice a year, and at every reunion he stares at a current photo of the boy, searching for resemblances. He would like to resolve the relationship but this big question mark keeps him hanging on.

So Bob originally left Karen for fear of making a commitment. And now, because of the baby, he is downright trapped — and there is little hope of a happy solution. It is his worst fear come true.

Sherven comments, "Fear is a very powerful magnet. We are attracted to the very thing we fear most."

The big score: Sometimes sex with an ex turns into a serious commitment, usually surprising everybody. For Dave, sex with his ex this year led to marriage. A 29-year-old plumber from Darwin, Dave met Melissa in high school and went with her for seven years. But Melissa was hell-bent on landing a doctor or lawyer and Dave built up a defensive shield against her snobbish attitude. Even so, he still loved her, and for the next five years, during and between a succession of other boyfriends and girlfriends, the two would have one-night stands. After a final failed romance on her part, a fabulous weekend together resulted in marriage talk. The wedding invitations read: "Good things come to all who wait." The wedding was more than a union — it was a reunion.

So, depending on your emotional frame of mind when she comes back into your life, if you avoid high expectations and remain open to change, you may get just what you want out of sex with your ex. It can be a one-night stand that's a lot more than the usual one-night stand; it can be an enlightening foray into your past (or a better understanding of the man you are today); or it can end up in the surprise discovery of that perfect mate you thought you only knew in your dreams.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROSIE SCHUCKALL

HELLO, HEIDI!

Scrumptious Heidi Fuller works with cars. And she can recharge our batteries any time she likes!

Heidi Fuller is a most unusual young woman. Despite her gentle, feminine looks, Heidi is a trained motor mechanic. "People always look horrified when I tell them what I do!" she chortles. "They expect me to say I'm a model or something. But I've never been a passive person and I enjoy hard work." Our daring Miss February rides her own motorbike and enjoys nothing better than taking it out for a burn in the country. "Life is one big adventure," she says, "and when I'm on my bike and riding at top speed I feel really exhilarated." Occasionally, Heidi puts her life in neutral gear long enough to enjoy quiet moments with her family and friends. "I have a lot of good mates," says Heidi, "and we go out to discos together but we also like just sitting around, discussing life, perhaps drinking some good red wine."

Heidi says she hasn't set any firm goals in life. "I'm waiting for a flash of inspiration," she smiles. "That may sound corny but I think I'll know when it's time for my life to take a fresh direction." For now, however, the very practical and determined Heidi Fuller must surely be the best looking motor mechanic to be found under anybody's bonnet! What's that we hear you saying about needing a grease and oil change . . .

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Heidi Fuller

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Heidi Fuller

BUST: 89cm (36") WAIST: 55cm (21½") HIPS: 83cm (33")

HEIGHT: 160cm WEIGHT: 57kg

BIRTH DATE: 19-11-65 SIGN: Scorpio

AMBITIONS: No driving ambitions (yet!) but want to be successful in all that I do.

TURN-ONS: Friends, my father, speed, work, happy and pleasant people; chocolate milkshakes.

TURN-OFFS: Intolerance, power and weapons, rude and egotistical men; smoking.

FAVORITE BOOKS: I like romantic novels. I've read Gone With The Wind 12 times!

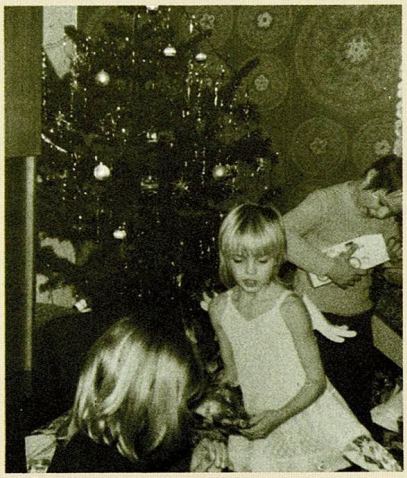
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Jack Nicholson, Bob marley, Tom Conti and Kathleen Turner.

FAVORITE SPORTS: motorbike riding, Formula One.

IDEAL MAN: Someone like my father who is patient but strong and is ambitions. Kind, too.

SECRET FANTASY: For Jack Nicholson to ride pillion on my motorbike!

5 years - cute little miss!



10 years - on Christmas day.

16 years - keep smiling...

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two girls were walking along the road when a toad croaked, "Kiss me and I'll turn into a handsome pop singer."

One of the girls stooped over, picked up the toad and stuffed it into her handbag.

"Aren't you going to kiss him?" the other asked in amazement.

"Handsome pop singers are a dime a dozen," she explained, "but a talking toad's worth a fortune!"

The English nobleman returned home unexpectedly and surprised his wife receiving the energetic attentions of her lover.

The enraged husband reached for his shotgun and aimed it at the naked man. Just then, the gentleman's butler tapped him on the shoulder.

"Remember you're a sportsman, sir," he whispered. "Get him on the rise!"

An elderly man walked into the church and took a seat in a confessional.

"Father," he said, "I am making love twice a day to an 18-year-old girl."

"Mr Solomon, you're Jewish," the priest replied. "Why are you telling *me*?"

"I'm telling everyone!"

Just as a young executive parked his flashy sports car in the mid-city apartment block carpark, he heard a whistle.

Looking up, he saw a stunning redhead beckoning him from a third-floor balcony. She called seductively for him to join her in apartment 310. Barely believing his luck, the man rushed into the elevator and caught the lift to the third floor.

The woman greeted him in a sheer black negligee and offered him a cocktail. As they sat on her lounge, she began to rub his leg suggestively and, in response to his obvious state of excitement, told him to make himself more comfortable.

When the flushed young man had removed his stiff penis from his trousers, she asked if she could touch it.

When he nodded in approval, she gave it an almighty whack with her hand and said, "Maybe *that*'ll teach you never to park in my spot again!"

Three bulls were grumbling about the expected arrival of a fourth one. The first bull raged that he had been on the farm for 20 years and had 20 cows and wasn't going to give up a single cow to the newcomer. The second bull, with 10 cows, insisted he wasn't giving up any of his, and the third bull, with five cows, wasn't about to budge, either.

The next day, a truck pulled up and the farmer led out the biggest, blackest, meanest bull the others had ever seen.

"Well," said the first bull, "I guess 20 cows are a bit of a strain. He can have some of mine."

"Ten are too much for me, too," said the second.

The third bull, however, stood kicking up dirt and snorting. The two others looked at him as if he'd gone stark staring mad.

"Look, five cows aren't worth getting beaten up for," said one of the others.

"To hell with the bloody cows," the third snorted. "I just want to make damned sure he knows I'm a bull!"

A couple matched by a dating service began their introduction by phone. After 10 minutes of conversation, the bloke said, "I'm nine inches long and four inches round. Interested?"

"Interested?" she answered. "I'm *fascinated*. But how big's your dick?"

During a heatwave, the biggest man in the golf club collapsed and died on the fourth green. The three fellows he was playing with carried him back to the clubhouse.

"Oh, dear," clucked one of their wives. "This must have been dreadful for you. Fancy having to carry an old friend back like that. And in all this heat."

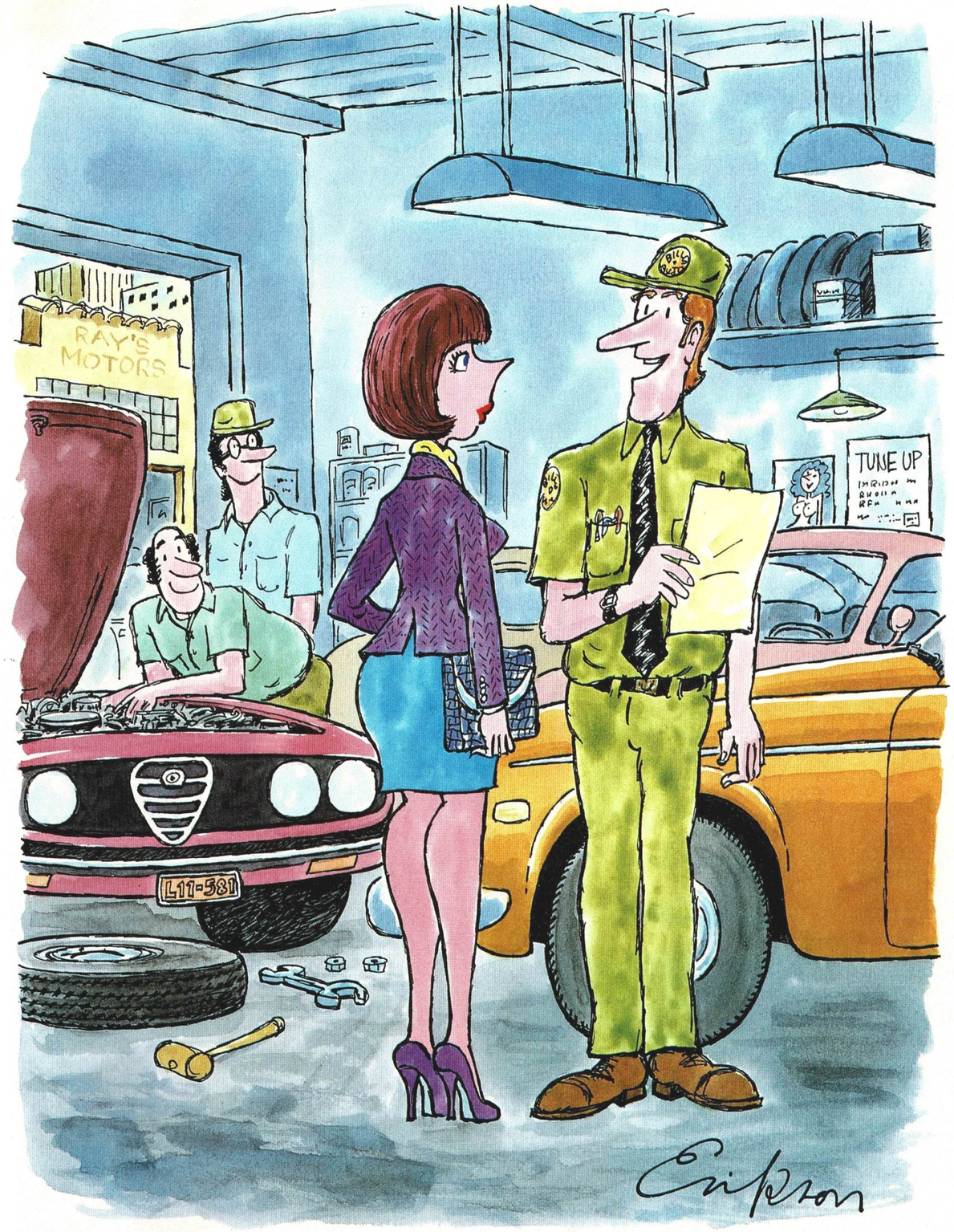
"Yeah, it was pretty crook," admitted one of the party, "especially putting him down and picking him up between shots."

When the shapely young woman made an entry into a small notebook she confided to her friend, "It's not really a diary, you know."

"Oh, yeah?" her girlfriend smirked. "What is it then?"

"More of a whodunit!" came the giggling reply.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"While they were at it, the guys fine-tuned the vibrator in the glove compartment."

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRAGG

THE Bookseller

Mr Buggage and Miss Tottle had 88 bank accounts between them. Their clients were dying to know how they made their money.

IF, IN THOSE days, you walked up from Trafalgar Square into Charing Cross Road, you would come in a few minutes to a shop on the right-hand side that had above the window the words WILLIAM BUGGAGE — RARE BOOKS.

If you peered through the window itself you would see that the walls were lined with books from floor to ceiling, and if you then pushed open the door and went in, you would immediately be assailed by that subtle odor of old cardboard and tea-leaves that pervades the interior of every second-hand bookshop in London. Nearly always, you would find two or three customers in there: silent, shadowy figures in overcoats and trilby hats rummaging among the sets of Jane Austen and Trollope and Dickens and George Eliot, hoping to find a first edition.

No shopkeeper ever seemed to be hovering around to keep an eye on the customers, and if somebody actually wanted to pay for a book instead of pinching it and walking out, then he or she would have to push through a door at the back of the shop on which it said OFFICE — PAY HERE. If you went into the office you would find both Mr William Buggage and his assistant Miss Muriel Tottle seated at their

Fiction by

ROALD DAHL

respective desks and very preoccupied.

Mr Buggage would be sitting behind a valuable 18th century mahogany partners' desk, and Miss Tottle, a few feet away, would be using a somewhat smaller but no less elegant piece of furniture, a Regency writing-table with a top of faded green leather. On Mr Buggage's desk there would invariably be one copy of the day's *London Times,* as well as *The Daily Telegraph, The Manchester Guardian, The Western Mail* and *The Glasgow Herald.* There would also be a current edition of *Who's Who* close at hand, fat and red and well-thumbed. Miss Tottle's writing-table would have on it an electric typewriter and a plain but very nice open box containing notepaper and envelopes, as well as a quantity of paperclips and staplers and other secretarial paraphernalia.

Now and again, but not very often, a customer would enter the office from the shop and would hand his chosen volume to Miss Tottle, who checked the price written in pencil on the fly-leaf and accepted the money, giving change when necessary from somewhere in the left-hand drawer of her writing-table. Mr Buggage never bothered even to glance up at those who came in and went out, and if one of them asked a question, it would be Miss Tottle who answered it.

Neither Mr Buggage nor Miss Tottle appeared to be in the least concerned about what went on in the main shop. In point of fact, Mr Buggage took the view that if someone was going to steal a book, then good luck to him. He knew very well that there was not a single valuable first edition out there on the shelves. There might be a moderately rare volume of Galsworthy or an early Waugh that had come in with a job lot bought at an auction, and there were certainly some good sets of Boswell and Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson and the rest, often very nicely bound in half or even whole calf. But those were not really the sorts of things you could slip into your overcoat pocket. Even if a villain *did* walk out with half-a-dozen volumes, Mr Buggage wasn't going to lose any sleep over it. Why should he when he knew very well that the shop itself earned less money in a whole year than the back-room business grossed in a couple of days. It was what went on in the back room that counted.

•

One morning in February when the weather was foul and sleet was slanting white and wet on to the window-panes of the office, Mr Buggage and Miss Tottle were in their respective places as usual and each was engrossed, one might even say fascinated, by his and her own work. Mr Buggage, with a gold Parker pen poised above a notepad, was reading *The Times* and jotting things down as he went along. Every now and again, he would refer to *Who's Who* and make more jottings.

Miss Tottle, who had been opening the mail, was now examining some cheques and painstakingly adding up totals.

"Three today," she said.

"What's it come to?" Mr Buggage asked, not looking up.

"One thousand six hundred," Miss Tottle said.

Mr Buggage said, "I don't suppose we've 'eard anything yet from that bishop's 'ouse in Chester, 'ave we?"

"A bishop lives in a palace, Billy, not a house," Miss Tottle said.

"I don't give a sod where 'ee lives," Mr Buggage said. "But I get just a little bit uneasy when there's no quick answer from somebody like that."

"As a matter of fact, the reply came this morning," Miss Tottle said.

"Coughed up all right?"

"The full amount."

"That's a relief," Mr Buggage said. "We never done a bishop before and I'm not sure it was any too clever."

"The cheque came from some solicitors."

Mr Buggage looked up sharply. "Was there a letter?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Read it."

Miss Tottle found the letter and began to read: "Dear Sir, With reference to your communication of the 4th instant, we enclose herewith a cheque for £537 in full settlement. Yours faithfully, Smithson, Briggs and Ellis." Miss Tottle paused. "That seems all right, doesn't it?"

"It's all right this time," Mr Buggage said. "But we don't want no more solicitors and let's not 'ave any more bishops either."

"I agree about bishops," Miss Tottle said. "But you're not suddenly ruling out earls and lords and all that lot, I hope?"

"Lords is fine," Mr Buggage said. "We never 'ad no trouble with lords. Nor earls either. And didn't we do a duke once?"

"The Duke of Dorset," Miss Tottle said. "Did him last year. Over a thousand quid."

"Very nice," Mr Buggage said. "I remember selectin' 'im myself straight off the front page." He stopped talking while he prised a bit of food out from between two front teeth with the nail of his little finger. "What I says is this," he went on. "The bigger the title, the bigger the twit. In fact, anyone's got a title on 'is name is almost certain to be a twit."

"Now that's not quite true, Billy," Miss Tottle said. "Some people are given titles because they've done absolutely brilliant things, like inventing penicillin or climbing Mount Everest."

"I'm talking about in'erited titles," Mr Buggage said. "Anyone gets born with a title, it's odds-on 'ee's a twit."

"You're right there," Miss Tottle said. "We've never had the slightest trouble with the aristocracy."

Mr Buggage leaned back in his chair and gazed solemnly at Miss Tottle. "You know what?" he said. "One of these days we might even 'ave a crack at royalty."

"Ooh, I'd *love* it," Miss Tottle said. "Sock them for a fortune."

Mr Buggage continued to gaze at Miss Tottle's profile, and as he did so, a slightly lascivious glint crept into his eye. One is forced to admit that Miss Tottle's appearance, when judged by the highest standards, was disappointing. To tell the truth, when judged by *any* standards, it was still disappointing. Her face was long and horsey and her teeth, which were also rather long, had a sulphurous tinge about them. So did her skin. The best you could say about her was that she had a generous bosom, but even that had its faults. It was the kind that makes a single, long, tightly bound bulge from one side of the chest to the other, and at first glance one got the impression there were not two individual breasts growing out of her body but simply one big, long loaf of bread.

Then again, Mr Buggage himself was in no position to be overly finicky. When one saw him for the first time, the word that sprang instantly to mind was "grubby". He was squat, paunchy, bald and flaccid, and so far as his face was concerned, one could only make a guess at what it looked like because not much of it was visible to the eye. The major part was covered over by an immense thicket of black, bushy, slightly curly hair, a fashion, one fears, that is all too common these days, a foolish practice and incidentally a rather dirty habit. Why so many males wish to conceal their facial characteristics is beyond the comprehension of us ordinary mortals. One must presume that if it were possible for these people also to grow hair all over their noses and cheeks and eyes, then they would do so, ending up with no visible face at all, but only an obscene and rather gamey ball of hair. The only possible conclusion one can arrive at when looking at one of these bearded males is that the vegetation is a kind of smoke-screen and is cultivated in order to conceal something unsightly or unsavory.

This was almost certainly true in Mr Buggage's case, and it was therefore fortunate for all of us, and especially for Miss Tottle, that the beard was there. Mr Buggage continued to gaze wistfully at his assistant. Then he said, "Now, pet, why don't you 'urry up and get them cheques in the post because after you've done that I've got a little proposal to put to you."

Miss Tottle looked back over her shoulder at the speaker and gave him a smirk that showed the cutting-edges of her sulphur teeth. Whenever he called her "pet", it was a sure sign that feelings of a carnal nature were beginning to stir within Mr Buggage's breast, and in other parts as well.

"Tell it to me now, lover," she said.

"You get them cheques done first," he said. He could be very commanding at times, and Miss Tottle thought it was wonderful.

Miss Tottle now began what she called her Daily Audit. This involved examining

(continued on page 112)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

PARTY GIRL

From politics to porn, Reagan campaigner-turned-sex star Missy Manners says now it's really time to party.

In an unusual career move, the former Elisa Florez of US Senator Orrin Hatch's staff has become porn star Missy Manners of Behind The Green Door — The Sequel (left). "When I worked for Senator Hatch, I was very drab looking," she says, illustrating her point with a photo from the senator's 1982 campaign (top right). "Now I'm a sumptuous new person."

NOT LONG AGO, Elisa Florez was a diligent Republican campaigner for Ronald Reagan. She worked in the office of a conservative Utah senator. These days, however, she can be seen on video screens being ravished by hooved and hairy-thighed man-beasts and a swarm of lusty vestal virgins wielding

industrial-strength vibrators. For Elisa Florez has become Missy Manners, star of the sequel to the 1972 porn classic *Behind The Green Door.*

When Elisa turned herself into Missy, colleagues from her Republican past were flabbergasted. Missy's family of well-connected Republicans

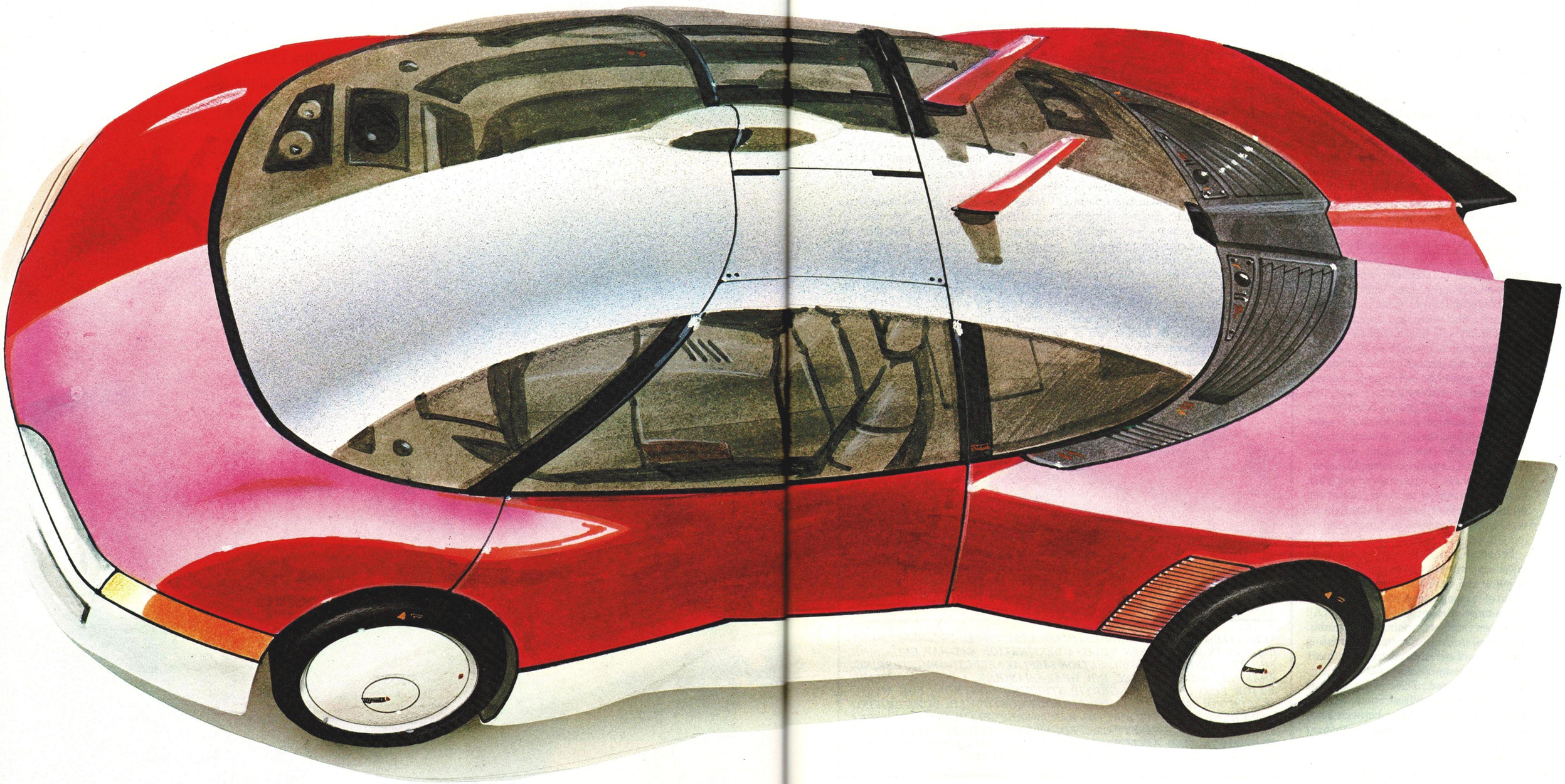
promptly banished her. But politics' loss is certainly our gain. When asked about her days working for Reagan's party, Missy says, "There were some wild women involved — one with her nipples pierced, another with a diamond stud in her genitals. There was a wild orgy one night with a well-known randy singer. Working was a blast!" But working on sex films has its moments, too. During the filming of *Behind The Green Door — The Sequel*, when Missy was attacked by comely maidens with their vibrators, she lost herself to the moment. "I had a screaming orgasm," admits Missy. "I mean, if you can't get off with six people using vibrators on you, then there's something wrong with you!"

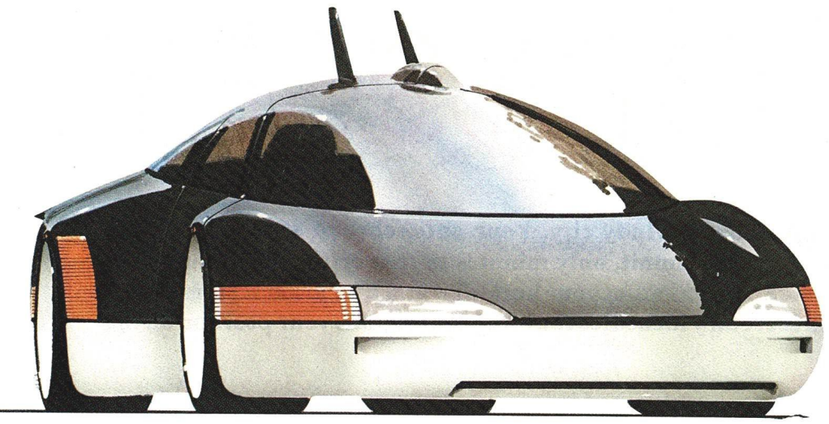
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK WRIGHT

2050-A MOTORING ODYSSEY

What sort of machine will we be zapping around in next century? Rob Luck previews the car of the future.

AD2050, an aerial rampway high above a windy city. Your auto-chrono starts flashing a countdown on the fluorescent digits. Damnit, only minutes to that critical meeting. With robot-like efficiency you stab the client's number on your auto-dial and a location ID message is flashed through. At the other end, a secretary identifies the bleep that signals your position on the





laser directory, notes the chrono countdown and blips her boss: "Your 10am meeting is five minutes off range on the south-eastern rampart, but laser-finder suggests he might have just selected super-turbo so he could be here any minute."

Back on the concrete superdrome the world has gone into fast forward and you are wrestling with the joystick as the hologram windscreen digits signal Mach 1 minus 10 percent, the maximum speed for PTUs (personal transport units) through this section of superway, limited electronically by radar speed control loops in the barrier walls. You are close to an automotive coronary: goddamn cheapskate aerialways — if they built proper acoustic walls capable of absorbing sound barrier boom, you wouldn't *need* noise abatement and speed control. Auto-chrono is flashing an update: you are back on schedule. Okay, that's it — over to auto-pilot and replay those conference summary notes. As the console monitor flips lines of color-referenced type, the headrest audio highlights the salient points. Then the machine is decelerating, automatically picking the high-altitude exit slot, the underbelly tab locking into the guideway and zooming you straight into the rooftop carstack. A moment later you are in the supertube up to the foyer, just as the countdown telltale buzzes: 10am, right on time! Naturally.

•

For most humanoids tooling around in juiced-up tin boxes in the AD1980s, the vision of the ideal automotive future is a world of personal supercars closely coupled with a mega-efficient transport system. All our current automotive fantasy reflects this. Take *Knightrider* — constantly conjuring images of unbelievably powerful machines able to leap pesky obstacles and traffic jams in a single bound. These video symbols reflect our constant frustration with the massive technology chasm between automotive engineering and transport organisation.

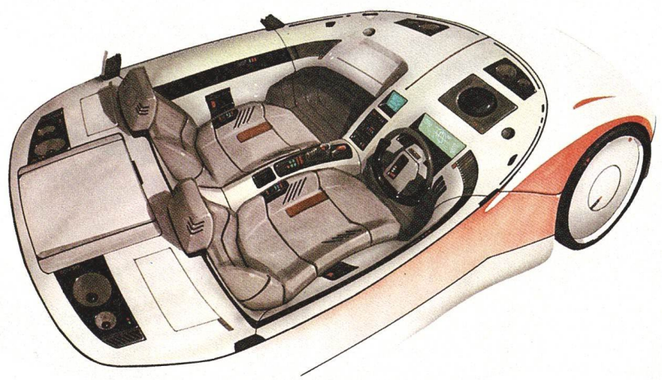
Some of the popular futurists have got a lot of airplay out of exploring negative extrapolations of the transport of the future. The repressionists and conservationists have evoked a philosofantasy of neat little electric-powered modules zooming silently down electronically controlled aerial guideways. Those obsessed with Orwellian paranoia have us chained to life's automotive guardrails in a mass of bureaucratic electronic red tape and taxation.

Forget them. The automotive animal you already know will be with us in similar form for decades to come, barring outright catastrophes and holocausts. Sure, it will be faster, sleeker, more efficient, packed with electronics and manufactured from materials that today seem exotic. But it will have most of the characteristics with which you are familiar — including four wheels, a cabin to seat two to four or more people, a petrol-driven engine and a pretty familiar sort of guidance system made up of steering, braking and gear-changing, which you will personally control. You will be able to own it outright (although it will probably cost an arm and a leg) and you will be able to keep it parked in your own garage, provided you pay all your taxes and don't go too kamikaze out on the super-roads.

Let's strike out some popular crystal-ball concepts of the car of the future. Strike One is the electronic guideways and dinky little transport modules all tracking around on organised monorails like some overgrown Lego set. You may already have noticed that the governments of today haven't yet caught up with the motoring requirements of the 1930s. We still have a crazy-maze of illogical roads, a chronic shortage of freeways, a carnival of traffic lights in any given square km of urban development, congestion, traffic jams, parking restrictions, noise, pollution, crashes and accidents. Even in the country, where the bureaucrats could have their head, they still put oncoming traffic on the same stretch of tar around blind corners, over hill crests on off-camber surfaces. It's as if they are sponsored by the panelbeaters and undertakers. Has the road system basically changed in your area in the past 10, 20, 30 or 40 years. . . ?

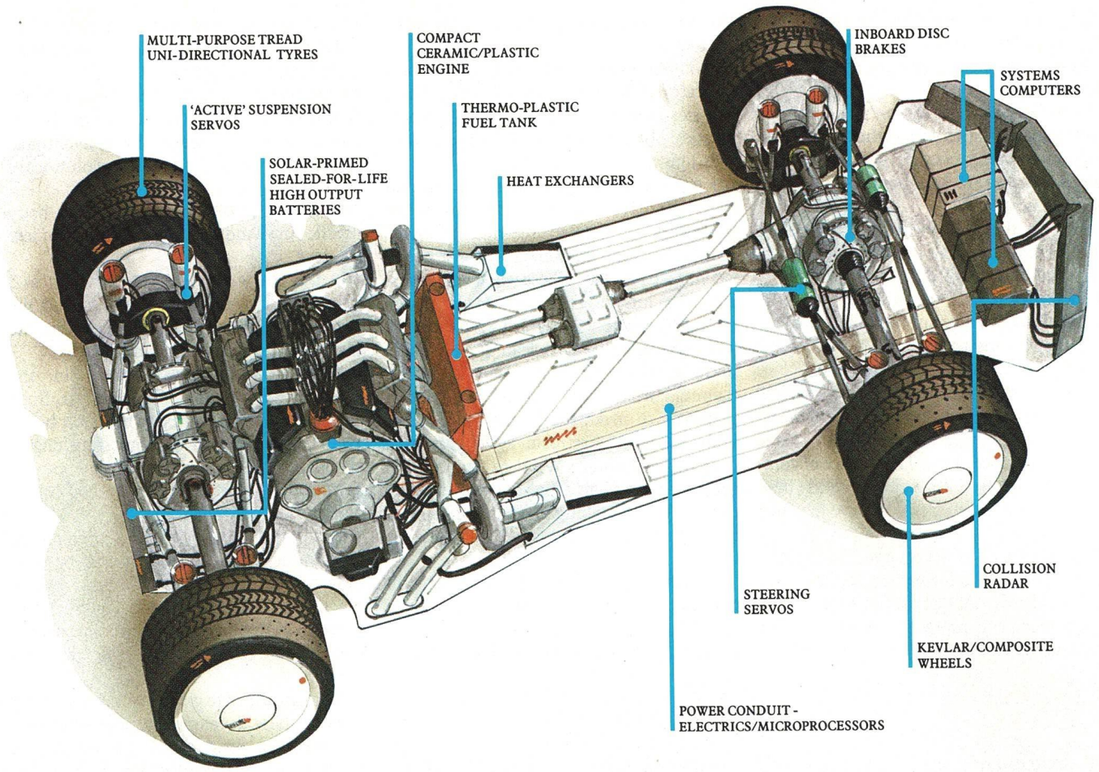
An honest answer is no. And neither have the traffic jams, the crashes, the chaos. . . So forget the pollies. The best they can organise is a radar trap at the bottom of a big hill. Electronic guideways are beyond their cerebral reach.

Forget exotic powerplants. Rule out electric cars for a start. The average city power-grid can't cope with a below-average winter, let alone a couple of million more autos plugged in and sucking juice all night.



INTERIOR FEATURES

• CLIMATE-CONTROLLED ACOUSTIC COCKPIT • 'HEAD-UP' INSTRUMENT DISPLAY IN WINDSCREEN • DIAL-A-DESTINATION SAT-NAV DIRECTION FINDER & LINE-OF-VIEW DIRECTION DISPLAY • ELECTRONIC STEERING, BRAKING, ACCELERATION AND GEAR-CHANGING • VOICE-COMMAND MAJOR FUNCTIONS • FINGERTIP STEERING CONTROLS FOR MUSIC SEARCH/VOLUME • PROGRAMMABLE BODY-CONTOUR LIE-DOWN DRIVING 'COUCH', HEATED, WITH BUILT-IN HANDS-FREE CELLULAR PHONE-LINK • SMOOTH-SURFACE SAFETY CELL FINISH WITH AUTO-FIT MULTI-POINT SEAT-BELTS AND ANTI-WHIPLASH CHARGE-INFLATED AIRBAGS • PERSONAL CODE ACCESS AND OPERATION FEATURE.



SPECIFICATIONS

• 4WD/2WD BY AUTO-ELECTRONIC SENSE-SELECT • ALL-WHEEL-STEER • HEIGHT-ADJUSTABLE SUSPENSION BY MICROCOMPUTER • ABS BRAKING (ANTI-LOCK BRAKING SYSTEM) AND ANTI-COLLISION RADAR • CERAMIC/PLASTIC LOW-TEMPERATURE COMPACT POWERPLANT • MICRO-PROCESSOR FUNCTION CONTROL AND SYSTEMS MONITORING • ON-BOARD SAT-NAV.

And what the hell do you do for a top-up halfway across the Simpson, or down the Gunbarrel Highway? Call in to your friendly local power station?

Some book-brains actually give solar power a chance: yeah, maybe if there is a breakthrough big enough to overturn the theory of relativity. Meantime, if you want to go solar you'll need plates the size of a semi-trailer tray to power a bicycle-sized machine faster than 20km/h. Just the trick for that quick interstater to see the girlfriend.

Strike out diesels, gas-turbines, Stirling engines and a heap of others. Diesels may remain for agricultural use (including some 4WDs) but increasing pollution pressures will focus on their soot emissions, and their weight and bulk will eliminate them from mass production contention.

So notch this one down: your machine of the future, barring some 'weird outside force, even bigger than another OPEC shutdown, will be petrol-powered. Here's the wild-card. It could be something more compact, more efficient than you now know — for example, the Australian Sarich engine.

And forget joysticks. Joysticks are for jets and choppers and we're all a hell of a lot further away than ever before from having one of those parked in the urban carport (as the futurists tried to convince us in the 1960s). Joysticks are designed to make aerial gadgets move through a whole variety of planes.

Future-sketches and showcars frequently exhibit a lot of other clever concepts for the future. Here are some eminently discardable ideas. . .

STAR WARS DASHBOARDS: Okay for Buck Rogers but galactic starblasters don't have to duck and weave around taxi-cabs, council buses and short-sighted little old ladies doing diamond turns across their bows. They'll disappear, replaced with a new generation of simple electronic monitors.

TV-SCREEN NAVIGATION SYSTEMS: Same deal — while you're trying to read an electronic street map on a dashboard monitor you're sure to miss the tabletop that just propped up ahead. Go directly to the panel shop/hospital, do not pass Go.

GULLWING DOORS: Okay for James Bond/Barbara Bach types to make exotic entry/exits, but there are some much simpler ideas around the corner.

BELLS, CHIMES AND SQUAWKBOXES: Developed for Japanese motor shows, these dinky gadgets should never have been taken seriously. The Car Of The Future may *respond* to voice commands, but it won't be chiming or giving any back-chat.

VIDEO-CAMERA REAR-VIEW MIRRORS: No way. Would you use a video camera and monitor to comb your hair or slice through your stubble? No, and nothing beats a piece of reflective glass for looking behind. But expect that piece of glass to change its form and delivery message.

DISCOTHEQUE MUSIC SYSTEMS: Hang on, the human ear-drum is fragile enough without extending industrial deafness to the cockpit. Sound systems will be big on quality and small on volume. Constant-levels and superb reproduction from laser-discs and other audio future-tech will give concert hall quality.

Okay, that's the downside of automotive future-tech, but there's heaps of good news.

Take a look at our futuristic illustrations. They show a two-seater sportscar (easily extendable to two-plus-two). So this is not a family shopping trolley, but there's no point starting at the low-tech end of the deal. Anyway, the supermarket shuttle will simply be a bit roomier inside to onload more people and their associated hardware. It will stand longer, wider and taller to accommodate these things and offer a little

more practicality. But it will be dimensionally similar and offer all the same levels of technical equipment, design, construction and finish.

Surprise, surprise, it won't be made of steel. Super-plastics will be the automotive game of the next century and these sleek panels will offer stacks of bonuses you could use right now.

First up, they'll be virtually indescratchable. Kerbside vandals can do their best (or worst) but knives will deflect and bricks will bounce. In the end, the little bastards will turn their tools on themselves in frustration. And that means those Saturday shoppers won't leave their signatures all over your paintwork with their carelessly opened doors. In fact, there won't be any paintwork (except on the after-market — but that's another story, see later). The surface of your machine will be self-colored, and that includes everything. You will have to come to grips with such ideas as:

NO BUMPERS: Not necessary. The super-plastic body is deformable. No tangible effects from normal city biffs, so no small replacement and protective parts required (ie bumpers).

NO DOORHANDLES: Exit and entry is by another method.

NO VISIBLE HEADLIGHTS, tail-lights, turn-indicators, sidelights, parkers etc. These will nestle behind photo-chromatic glass/plastic color-coded to the body. Only when they light up will you see them.

NO BADGEWORK: The name of the car (VADER2050?) will be imprinted in the panelwork. Perhaps three-dimensionally. Exit the souvenir-hunters.

NO VISIBLE PILLARS: These will be incorporated in an internal framework or eliminated entirely by structural glass. This panelwork will be entirely self-cleaning (virtually nothing will stick to it). It will also be manufactured from ultra low-friction materials to make the highly air-efficient body slice the airstream as cleanly as a current jet-fighter. Wind-resistance will drop to around half of the current state-of-the-art levels, making a Cd (coefficient of drag) of around .15 compared with current .30-.35.

To get to this mark, a lot of things will have happened to the design of the vehicle envelope, including the following:

NO EXTERIOR PROTRUSIONS: That includes rear-vision mirrors, rain channels, door handles, trim strips, and the enclosure of all body hardware (lights etc).

NO RADIATOR GRILLE or engine air-intake (not necessary on the engines of the future which, though powered by conventional fuels, will run cool through revolutionary materials).

THE ULTIMATE DEVELOPMENT of the body profile in wind tunnels to achieve low air-drag.

THE USE OF AIR-CHEATING artifacts and adjustable suspension systems to pull the car down on to the ground and prevent the high drag induced by the under-body.

INTEGRATION OF THE WHEELS in the exterior body design — big diameter, flush finish and possibly faired to the outer body.

THE FLUSH-BONDING and butt-finishing of all glazed surfaces: There will be no discernible breaks between body and glasswork.

THE FLUSH-FITTING OF DOORS, eliminating drag-inducing cracks: Doors will be self-hinged (much like a folding plastic lunchbox lid), making a smooth join between body and door leading edge. At the rear, flexible trim tabs will completely seal the join.

You can afford to get pretty excited about some of these developments and what they will mean to your car of the future. For example, a high-performance machine will carry a micro-computer that will adjust the special aerodynamic devices (small extension wings, trim tabs, stabiliser fins, front spoilers) according to the speed. The car will stay rock steady and stuck-down-like glue at any speed.

For the family starblaster, a similar computer will manoeuvre the height of the aero gadgets and suspensions so you don't wipe out over spoon-drains, speed-bumps or during an indiscretion with a traffic island.

You might say, why bother? Well, the combination of these super-gadgets will get you fuel economy two or three times your current expectations. A family car might drink 4-5l/100km (60-70mpg) and an exotic might cruise at 300km/h (200mph) and deliver 6-7l/100km (40-50mpg). With the Fabulous Family Five and holiday luggage aboard and the cruise computer doing the thinking, the nuclear family of the next generation could expect to use only 3 litres every 100km (100mpg). And that could be quite important if fuel is, say, 50 times more expensive or rationed or super-taxed according to business/essential/recreational use.

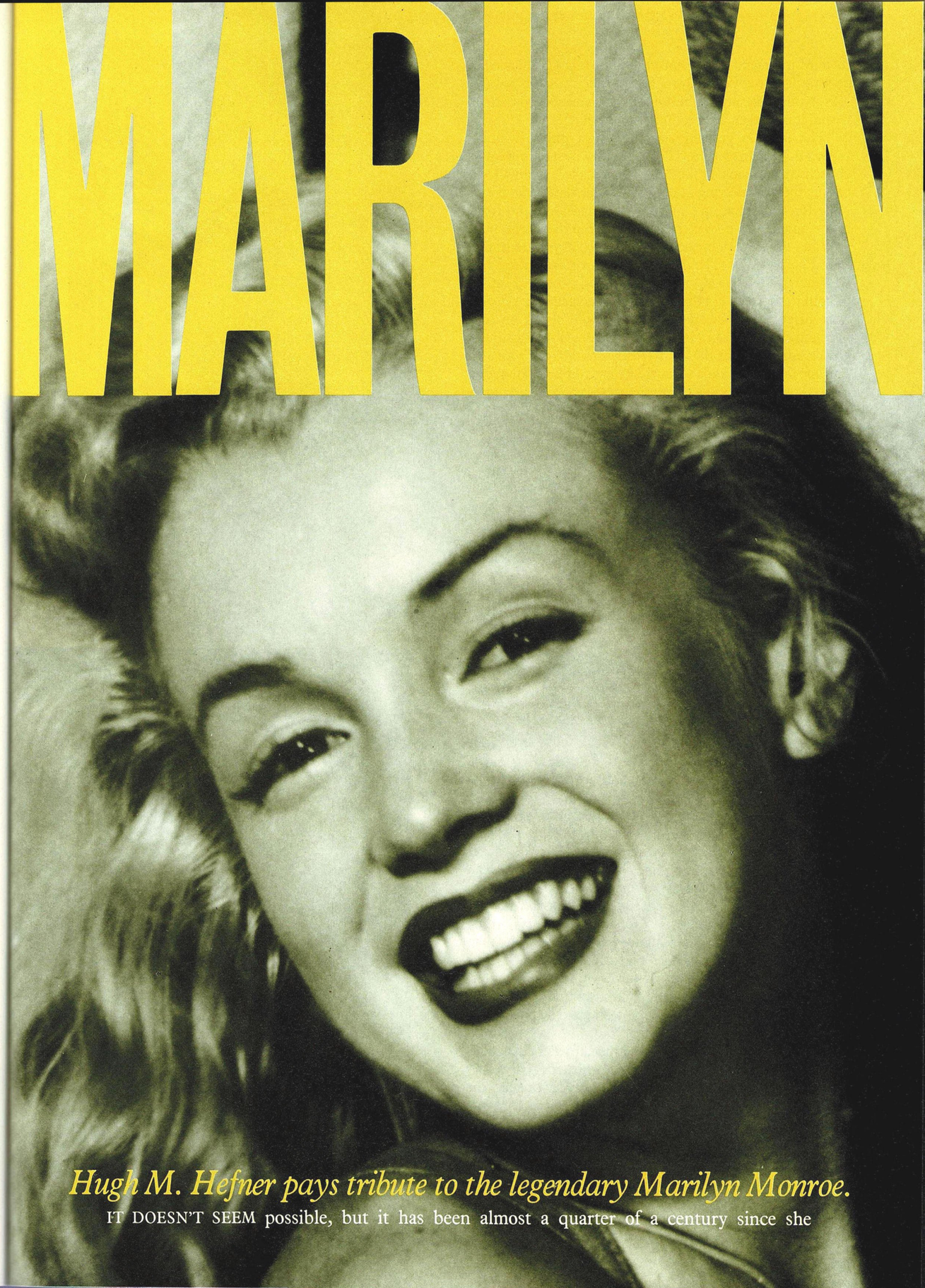
There are other, simpler things. Like keys and entry. A likely method is a "transaction card" (like your after-hours teller machine), or perhaps a number or password push-button code which is flush-finished into the bodywork and sensitised to body-temperature touch. A more exotic, but more restrictive system might utilise a

(continued on page 106)

2050: A CAR PROFILE

- **High-impact super-plastic body shell, jet-fighter air-efficient, with 80km/h bounce-back crash capability. Computer-adjusted aerodynamics including airdams, spoilers, trim-tabs, air steering and brakes. Vandal-proof and self-cleaning.**
- **Bonded flush-fit reinforced pillarless glasshouse. Light-sensitive.**
- **Ceramic or plastic high-efficiency, pollution-free engine. Delivers 300km/h and up to 35km per litre.**
- **Head-up instrumentation (digital read-outs in windscreen). Prismatic rear-view mirror (zoom, wide angle etc). Automatically adjustable seats, controls and climate.**
- **Satellite navigation, automatic direction finding. Dial-a-destination with electronic head-up signposting. World-wide phone, data transmission.**
- **Electronic operation of controls — steering, brakes, gear-change, handbrake, accelerator, cruise control, suspension adjustment and height, drive system (2WD/4WD). Voice-activated functions.**
- **Personalised entry/operation system (card/password/thumbprint).**
- **Electronic crash-avoidance system (automatic red-light braking, automatic distance measuring equipment). Auto-belts, airbags.**
- **Automatic tuning, maintenance-free, fail-safe mechanical systems.**
- **"Stealth" equipment, including automatic toll-paying (superhighways), law-agency detection and avoidance equipment (after-market).**

MARILYN



Hugh M. Hefner pays tribute to the legendary Marilyn Monroe.

IT DOESN'T SEEM possible, but it has been almost a quarter of a century since she

died. Marilyn and I were born the same year [*1926*] and we grew up in the same sexually repressive America of the '30s and '40s. Nudity became a symbol of sexual freedom to both of us and it played an important part in both our lives.

"The urge to go nude was her most public whim," reported *Time* magazine. "I dreamed I was standing up in church without any clothes on," she recalled, "and all the people there were lying at my feet." Years later, she posed nude for Christendom's most famous calendar, and from that moment on, she was the only blonde in the world.

When PLAYBOY published that Tom Kelley nude as our first Playmate Of The Month (although we called her "Sweetheart Of The Month" in our initial issue), the future of both the actress and the publication seemed assured, and were forever after interconnected. I wrote of her on that occasion, "She can put more sensual appeal into a simple glance or movement than any *Oomph, It, Snap, Crackle* or *Pop* girl in Hollywood's sensual history. She's as famous as

Above left: Calendar artist Moran and his sexiest model. Above right: The 19-year-old Norma Jean was starting a career that would soon make her the most famous woman on earth.

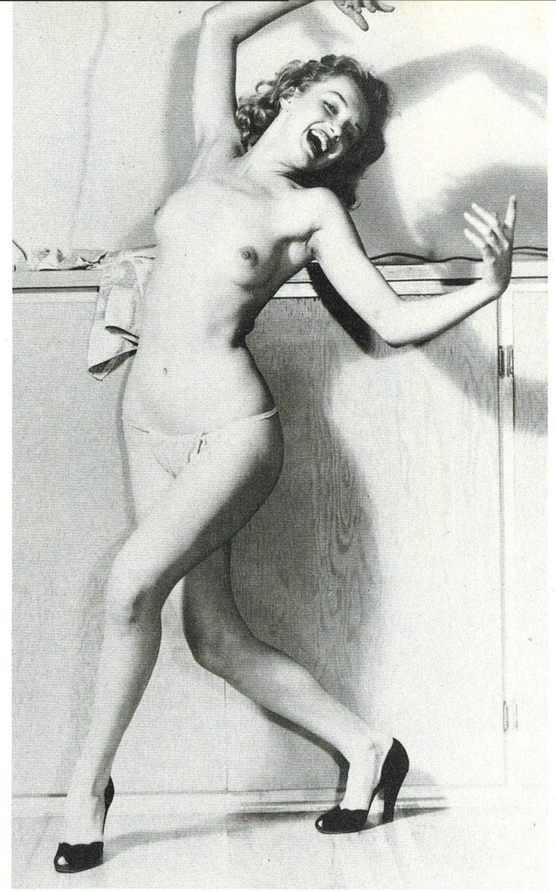
President Eisenhower and Dick Tracy, and she and Dr Kinsey have so monopolised sex this year [*1953*], some people in high places are investigating to make certain no anti-trust laws have been bent or broken."

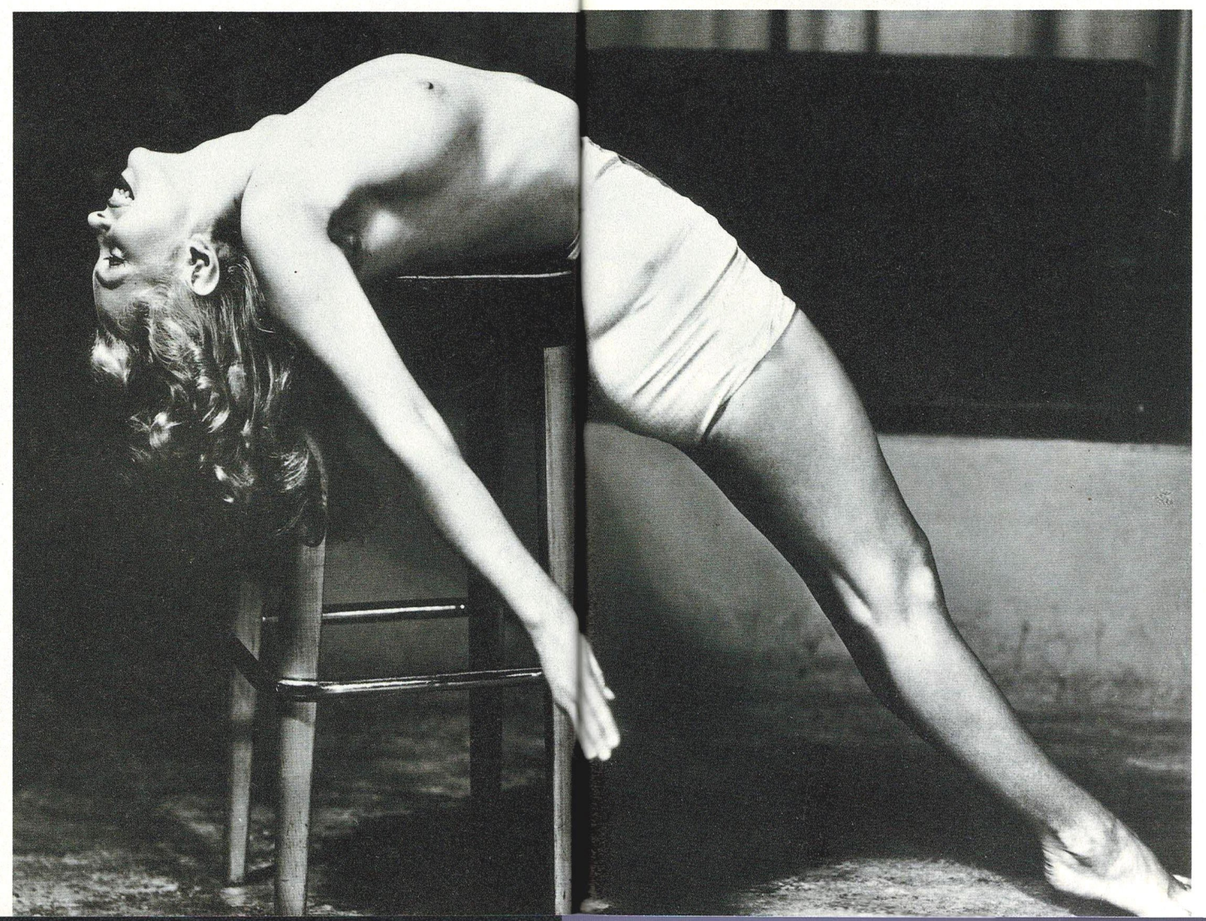
PLAYBOY continued to chronicle her career throughout the decade and had been planning a December 1962 pictorial of Marilyn of the nude swimming scene for the never completed film, *Something's Got To Give,* co-starring Dean Martin. Agnes Flanagan, Marilyn's hair stylist, reported, "After she made the swimming sequence, she asked me, 'Do you think it was in bad taste?' I told her there was nothing suggestive about it at all. Her figure was more beautiful than it had ever been. A perfect body like Marilyn's looks beautiful nude, and beauty is never vulgar. Her animal magnetism, though sometimes flamboyant, always had an appealing, childlike quality which seemed to be poking fun at the very quality she symbolised."

I had intended to shoot a very special 1962 Christmas issue cover of Marilyn posing with a white fur that would prove to be more revealing when the reader opened the magazine to a reverse image shot simultaneously from the rear. Those plans never materialised because Marilyn died of an overdose of barbiturates in August of that year.

In the years that followed her death, Marilyn Monroe's stature and fame simply increased throughout the world.

Clark Gable remarked, during the filming of what proved to be the last film that either of them would complete, *The*





Misfits: "She's something different to every man, blending somehow the things he seems to require the most." Billy Wilder, who directed her in *Some Like It Hot,* observed, "There will never be another like her. She had flesh which photographs like flesh. You feel you can touch it."

"Flesh impact" is Wilder's term for the effect. In *Some Like It Hot*, released in 1959, her impact was all at once incendiary and luminescent. As she throatily boop-boop-a-doos her way through the tune *I Want To Be Loved By You*, her vulnerability is in full view.

Her childhood, as we've seen belabored elsewhere, was disconsolate. She never met her father, barely knew her mentally unbalanced mother and, in a futile attempt to discover herself, was married — albeit briefly — at the age of 16. She longed to emulate her idol Jean Harlow and was deeply bereaved by the star's death. Ironically, the cinematographer who shot her first Fox screen test said of Norma Jean Dougherty (nee Mortenson, aka Baker), "She

Above left: Sweetheart Of The Month in the first issue of* PLAYBOY. *Above right: Marilyn's landmark* PLAYBOY *cover.

radiated sex like Jean Harlow." Throughout her life, she craved attention and drew it implicitly. Marvelled a press agent, "She had such magnetism that if 15 men were in a room with her, each man would be convinced he was the one she'd be waiting for after the others left."

Beginning in 1946, when she was 19 and a hungry ingenue with the Blue Book Modelling Agency in Los Angeles, Norma Jean became a regular visitor to the Sunset Strip studio of the calendar artist Earl Moran, who, along with George Petty and Alberto Vargas, elevated the pinup to high art. He created his work by first photographing his models and then, on the print he found most provocative, etching a charcoal outline to be fleshed in with pastels. The final sketches were both whimsical and coyly suggestive, a combination evocative of the tame prurience that tweaked America in those more innocent times.

PLAYBOY recently discovered a remarkable trove of never-before-published Moran photographs, semi-nude portraits of Norma Jean that predate the famous Kelley nude-calendar shooting. Over four years, posing almost monthly at the rate of 10 dollars per hour (each session lasted two hours), she and Moran captured moments so indelible and engaging that it is a wonder they have never previously emerged in their original form.

We hear stories of how young Norma Jean was an astute study as a model. She asked innumerable questions of her photographers, intricate questions about the emotional nuances achievable in the poses she struck.

"Emotionally, she did everything right. She expressed just what I wanted," Moran has said.

If her life, as has been suggested, was an endless yearning for approval, her sessions with Moran and all of her other photographers must have felt positively liberating.

Norman Mailer wrote, "She becomes the artist when she takes a pose: she paints the picture into the camera, and few photographers will fail to pay her homage."

"I liked my body," she would later write. "People have curious attitudes about nudity, just as they do about sex. Nudity and sex are the most commonplace things in the world. Yet people often act as if they were things that existed only on Mars. I thought of such matters as I posed. . . "

Her professionalism in posing is a theme that resonates. It was a passionate exercise for her, one she conducted with conscientious self-scrutiny and astonishing poise. "I'll focus on her," lensman Earl Theisen explained, "and then, looking in the finder, I can actually see the sex blossoming out, like it was a flower. If I'm in a hurry and want to shoot too quickly, she'll say, 'Earl, you shot it too quick. It won't be right. Let 's do it over.' "

Gloria Steinem recently contributed to the ever-burgeoning speculative necrology of Marilyn Monroe with an insightful and unique biography. Attempting to conjure an alternative life for this promising woman had she not become a sex goddess, Steinem postulates, "A student, lawyer, artist, mother, grandmother, defender of animals, rancher, homemaker, sportswoman, rescuer of children — all these are futures we can imagine for Norma Jeane." (Note: the addition of the E was an affectation Marilyn adopted as a model.)

The impulse to fantasise over what might have been, however intriguing, seems to unnecessarily denigrate what she actually was. Marilyn Monroe did, at some point and in every sense, swallow Norma Jean whole. Her identity quavered privately, but stardom was always her dream. She bolstered a sorrowful life by inventing a new one for herself.

"I have always had a talent for irritating women since I was 14," she wrote, essaying a mixture of dismay and pride. "When I see women frowning in my direction and cutting me up among themselves, I really feel sorry — not for them

but for their menfolk. I have a feeling that such women are poor lovers and sexual cripples. The only thing they are able to give a man is a guilt complex."

It was her modelling, in fact, that sparked Hollywood's interest. She had briefly fretted for her steadily rising acting career when the Kelley calendar nude became public knowledge. "I thought this would push me into the cold again," she recalled. Her fears were instantly allayed; the nude was integral in her glimmering ascendance in Hollywood. The actual upshot: "Everybody in the studio wanted me as a star in his movie. I finally went into *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and, after that, *How To Marry A Millionaire.* I liked the fact that I was important in making them a great financial success and that my studio cleaned up a fortune despite that its chief had considered me unphotogenic. . . I liked the raise I finally received to $1200 a week."

Newspaperman and screenwriter Ben Hecht cannily asserted after her death, at a time when the film community was fraught with guilt, "Marilyn had been wrecked by the circumstances of her life since the age of five. The truth about Marilyn Monroe is that she was *saved* by Hollywood. Fame saved her. The spotlight beating on her 24 hours a day made the world seem livable to her. . . It was the only world in which she could thrive."

A producer, she related in her memoirs, once brusquely advised her, "All you have to do is to be Marilyn Monroe." Yet nothing could have possibly been more challenging or intangible. More than any other figure in show-business history, she was, and is, a symbol. She is the celestial enigma with which every incandescent blonde has since been (usually unfavorably) compared.

As Diana Trilling deftly eulogised her, "She was alive in a way not granted the rest of us. She communicated such a charge of vitality as altered our imagination of life, which is the job and wonder of art."

Marilyn *was* art, purely and utterly. The palpable honesty we cannot help seeing in these poses is as bracing a tribute to her dreams as we can hope to encounter. If the story of her life was, indeed, to cling to the fuzzy end of the lollipop, she left all the sweetness for the rest of us.

12 METRE *(continued from page 40)*

On an average day of 15-24 knot winds the crews can expect to blow out one genoa and a spinnaker.

exceeded $20 million. Of that, approximately $18 million will have been cash outlays, with the balance having been supplied in the form of goods and services by sponsors. His breakdown of the budget makes interesting reading:-

$2 million	**Research and development.**
$2 million	**Construction of two new yachts.**
$2 million	**Development, manufacture and maintenance of sails.**
$1.5 million	**Mast design and manufacture (six masts).**
$1.2 million	**Support boats.**
$1 million	**Taxes and duties.**
$10 million	**Operating costs.**

Bond's syndicate operates with a team of 52 people including the yachtsmen, sailmakers, shipwrights, riggers, engineers, computer programmers and administrative staff. Parry's group is bigger, with more than 90 on the payroll, largely because he established his own boatbuilding works to build their own yachts and support boats. As well as paying those people for three years, housing them and looking after their welfare, other ongoing costs are crippling.

When Ben Lexcen used the computers and model test tanks at the Netherlands Ship Model Agency to help him create the wing-keeled *Australia II* in 1983 he introduced a new cost to all 12 metre campaigns around the world. Suddenly aerodynamicists and hydrodynamicists found their skills in great demand by designers embarrassed by Lexcen's brilliant approach to the old question of yacht design.

For the defence Lexcen returned to Holland to test his ideas, followed by Murray and co-designer John Swarbrick. The maritime research agency did not come cheap for the Australians. Testing one design on the computer's velocity-prediction program cost $5000. Then taking the most promising results and turning them into one-third scale models for a week of towing through long water tanks with another week of analysing the results cost $75,000 per model. Murray and Swarbrick put through more than 20 models in their designs for their three yachts over the three years.

In addition they used other wind tunnels and test tanks at various establishments in Australia in their search for the ultimate winged keel. In all, the syndicate built at least 11 different keels to try under their yachts at a cost of $60,000 each. The Bond and South Australian syndicates also tried a number of Lexcen-designed keels under their boats.

Sails are also a major component of the 12 metre campaigns. 12 metre sails are the absolute state of the art, incorporating synthetic materials mylar and kevlar as well as the traditional woven dacron. Kevlar is stronger than steel, yet still flexible, and was originally developed by NASA for use in spacecraft. It is also the material that goes into personal bullet-proof jackets. Sailmakers use the gold-colored material extensively as it is almost completely stretch-resistant and so the sails maintain their finely judged aerofoil shapes. The problem with the fantastically expensive kevlar is that it is brittle and shatters when allowed to flog too much in the strong winds of the America's Cup course off Fremantle. In their first summers the syndicates found themselves having to throw away their sails after 50 hours of use.

Each time a 12 metre goes racing it takes on board a mainsail ($30,000), five genoas or headsails ($14,000 each) and five spinnakers ($12,000 each). That is a not very cool $160,000 for that day alone. On an average day of 15-24 knot winds the crews can expect to blow out one genoa and a spinnaker, often beyond repair. All syndicates have their own sail lofts in Fremantle with shifts working around the clock developing better sails and repairing existing sails.

Each day the crews take photos of the sails in special still cameras that are linked to the yachts' onboard computers. Each negative reads a display giving wind strength and direction, boat heading, rig tensions, rudder angle and boat speed. When the crew returns to the dock the sailmakers develop the film and then discuss the performance of the sails with the trimmers. Then the overnight shift goes into action, repairing any damaged sails and recutting others to try to improve their performance.

Masts are another major item of expense. Each 20 metre section costs in the region of $220,000 to build and rig. Amazing tensions are put on the spars as the crew use massive hydraulic tensions to get them to the right shape so that the sails keep their optimum shapes on all points of sailing.

The compression forces on the masts are huge as the yachts crash through the choppy seas off Fremantle. Five masts broke on yachts in the 1985/86 summer alone. So bad is their record that insurance companies refuse point-blank to insure masts, so when the spars crash, so too do the budgets.

Operating costs are the heaviest part of any syndicate's budget and even before the yachts take to the water there are some hefty bills to pay.

Each yacht needs its own tender to tow it to and from the course, carry the spare sails and the computers that receive signals of all the yacht's instrumentation readouts via telemetry signals. These 20m tenders cost $600,000 each. Then they need fast chase boats to rush equipment and people to and from the shore in case of emergency and the high powered inflatables range in price from $48,000 to $70,000.

The lease on the dock site costs $400,000 for three years. And a permanent lift is needed to hoist each yacht from the water each night. They cost $50,000.

Then there are the people as well. Key personnel like helmsmen, tacticians and navigators are on their own contracts, while the Bond syndicate pays its crewmen a flat $15 a day. But then they have to be fed and housed and their welfare looked after. Sports psychologists, physical education instructors and dieticians are all integral parts of the teams as they prepare the frontline warriors for battle.

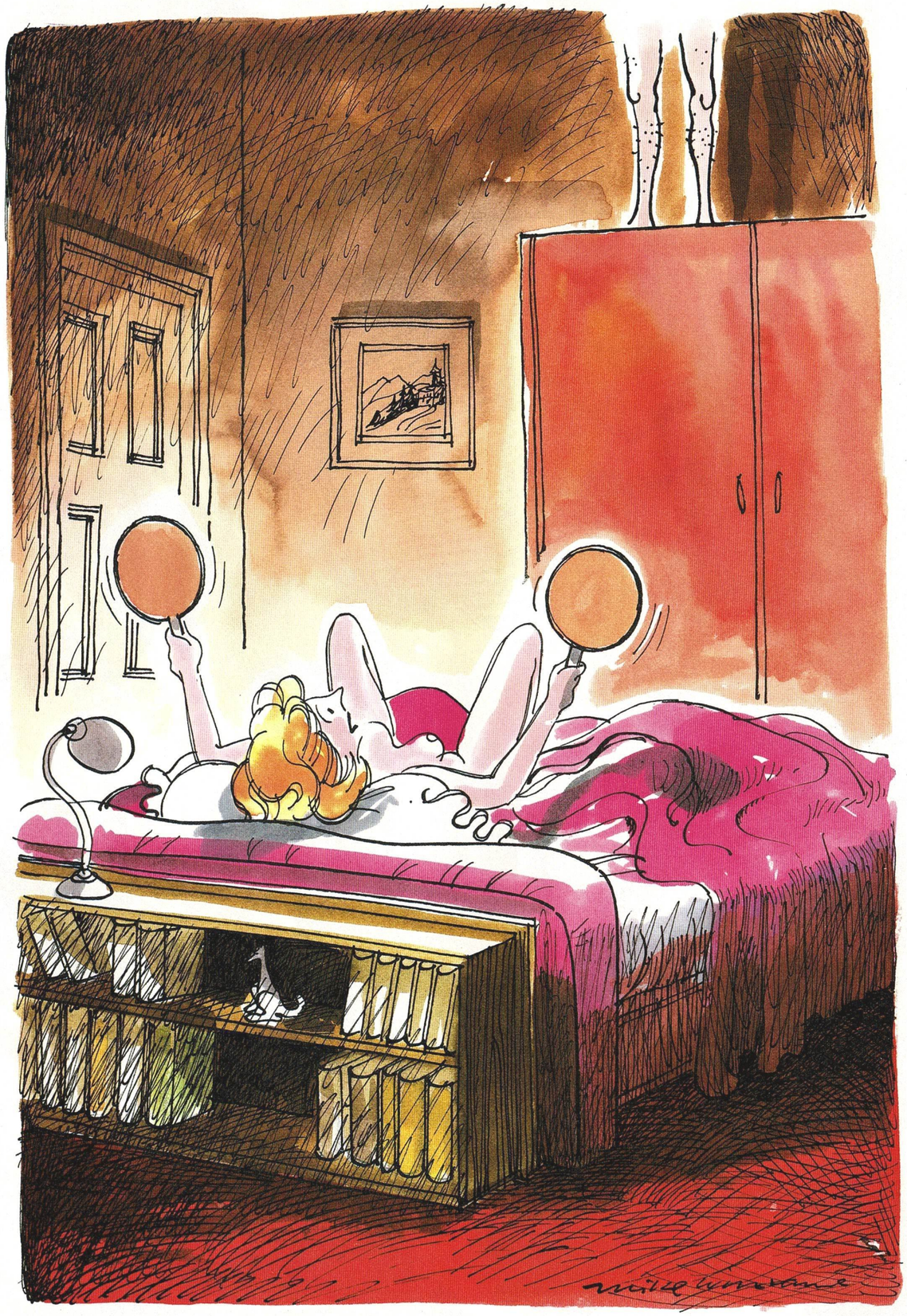
Paying the bills of those yachting gladiators is an interesting exercise in itself. Both major groups had guarantees from their principals to cover any shortfall from sponsorship donations. In his role of favorite, Bond had a head start on all other groups. By the time the defence selection series began, his marketing manager had raised $13 million in corporate sponsorship. That was a result of selling the Bond group and the defence over three very busy years of knocking on the doors of every likely candidate in the Australian business world.

For the Parry syndicate the pickings were much slimmer. Marketing manager David Stobart found it difficult to get across the message that they were a viable candidate to defend the Cup, until *Kookaburra III* with Iain Murray at the helm routed all other Australian boats to win the first round of the selection series.

All syndicates use normal licensing and fund-raising methods, with the Bond group having the advantage of its boxing kangaroo that it licensed to companies to apply to products ranging from underpants to airships.

Those who are part of the America's Cup scene refer to it as the "circus". The circus has proved popular with the paying public so it can only go one way — bigger and better. And that inevitably means more expensive. Where it will all stop, no one really knows.

One thing is certain. Australians found a new identity in 1983, but the effect will be just as dramatic should we lose the Cup this time around.



"Just how long were you on carriers, Commander?"

SEAWORTHY

Join in the America's Cup spirit with nautical but nice fashion by Vitek.

Above: On the left, he wears a Najee jacket ($229), Najee shorts ($69), singlet ($20) by Weavers from Clifford Gordon and Legero shoes ($69) from Aquila. On the right, his jacket ($265) is by Tres Bon and shorts ($90) by Joe Bananas; T-shirt ($36) by Weavers from Clifford Gordon and Aquila shoes ($84). Facing page: On the left, his blazer ($249) is from the Tony Barlow International Collection, trousers ($75) by Daniel Hechter, cotton shirt ($60) from the Tony Barlow International Collection and Najee shoes ($160). Sunglasses are Bolle Irex 100. On the right, his Cardin blazer ($225) is from The Colony Shop, trousers ($59.99) are by Peter Anthony, Lacoste T-shirt ($42) and Aquila shoes ($84).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HUGH HAMILTON

On the left, his towelling jacket ($150) is by Alistair Duncan MacKinnon from Clifford Gordon, trousers ($82) by Tres Bon. On the right, his shirt ($85) and vest ($56) are by Graham Long from Clifford Gordon; slacks ($92) by Tres Bon and shoes ($75) by Mac Dugan. Her clothes in all shots are by G.S.

On the left, his suit ($360) is by Tres Bon, singlet ($20) by Weavers from Clifford Gordon, and Bolle Irex 100 sunglasses. On the right, cotton blazer ($100) and trousers ($60) by Sportscraft, T-shirt ($29) by Di Maggio and Tosoni shoes ($136) from Aquila.

JOHNSON *(continued from page 36)*

Our generation, more than any other, believed there was something hip or romantic about being wasted.

psychology. You seek lower social forms. For some odd reason, you only feel comfortable around people who are also not in their right mind, who are hell-bent on hurting themselves.

PLAYBOY: How far did you go? Did you use needles?

JOHNSON: No, I never got into needles. I tried heroin, but that was experimental. That shit-scared me. But what I did was almost worse than the person who's using the needle. That person has made up his mind that that's what he's going to do. "I'm going to be fucked up." This is an important point; I know lots of people who shared this delusion. I *was* fucked up but said it was OK, because I wasn't using needles. I used to try and sell myself on that rationale and so do a lot of people out there, too. "I don't shoot up so I'm fine." Fuck no. I was not fine. In my heyday it wasn't anything for me to knock off a case and a half of beer a day, a bottle of vodka, three or four good healthy snifters of cognac, a couple of bottles of good wine and a couple of grams of coke. A *day!* And that's not to mention the eight or 10 odd joints about the size of your pointer finger I'd fire up a day.

PLAYBOY: From first waking up?

JOHNSON: After a particularly rough night, in the tradition of a little hair of the dog that bit you, I would reach into the refrigerator and grab a beer. I would take the first one and turn it up and guzzle it. There would be this burning effervescent feeling in your throat. You're waking up with a mouth drier than a desert. So there was that feeling in your throat, your eyes would water and you'd immediately get a rush and be just as high as you were when you went to bed. Then you'd take a second one out, drink half of that, and sit down and light a cigarette and enjoy the other half. Of course about half an hour later, after that initial buzz wore off, you still felt like shit. Like you'd been run over by a truck. And that's when you fire up a reefer. Then, if you had any left, maybe the teensiest, tiniest little line, just to sort of take the dull edge off all of that other stuff. And then you were ready to face the day.

PLAYBOY: To do what?

JOHNSON: To corral the right combination of people and replenish the supply of drugs and booze.

PLAYBOY: And you're here to tell about it. Why?

JOHNSON: By the grace of God, really. Because I rolled several cars, got in several fights, got shot at a few times. Man, there were nights. . .

PLAYBOY: There's a little nostalgia in your voice. Though everyone talks about the psychological reasons for addiction, do you think you also did drugs because they were fun, at least at first?

JOHNSON: I don't think so. I think that it's what we've learned to accept as fun. It's not really fun. It's relatively immature and idiotic when you are clear enough to think about it. It's a little like saying, "Let's go up to the third or fourth floor of this hotel and jump out of the window. We probably won't die from it. We'll probably just get banged up a little bit and no way can you get addicted, you know. I mean you'll have a little headache tomorrow, but that's no big deal." You know what I mean? It's just as crazy as that. We have been taught to accept the sickest shit. "Man, I was out last night and got so blind that I didn't know what the hell I was doing or where I was." People used to say that *proudly*. Or, "You should have seen him, he was so fucked up it was hysterical." No, that ain't it, man. It in fact was, "You should have seen him. The poor motherfucker needed help." That shit ain't fun. It's dangerous. And it's humiliating. And painful.

PLAYBOY: Where do you think that feeling came from?

JOHNSON: Our generation, more than any other generation, believed that there was something hip or romantic about being wasted. We were sold a pup. It was part of the things we mistook for freedom, so many things that we were pushing the limits for, whether sexual freedoms or anything else. It became part of the total rebellion against the conventional way of life. Now we've come full circle and it's really a shock.

PLAYBOY: So you're cynical about your whole generation?

JOHNSON: Well, in a lot of ways we did change the world. I'm not cynical about that. There was a social revolution. We had and continue to have an impact on issues to do with the environment, inequalities in jobs, racism, sexism, international awareness about human rights and nuclear disarmament. Things like that. We really are having an impact. For that, I am very proud to be a part of this generation. . .

PLAYBOY: But?

JOHNSON: But for this stuff to happen, we threw out *everything*. We had to. In the beginning there had to be this cataclysmic sort of upheaval in order for there to be any change. We had to throw off all the rules — the "Don't do this, don't do that." We said one huge, "Fuck you." And man, I had a ball! I had fun smoking pot. I had fun doing acid, too. But I did get addicted. Remember they said pot leads to other things? I thought that was bullshit. For me, it wasn't bullshit. I did get addicted. And I wasn't alone. I'm just the most publicised. I tried everything. Including the Big H.

PLAYBOY: What was your experience with heroin like?

JOHNSON: I did it a few times and what struck me right away was, "Why in the fuck would you want to do this shit?" Because right away I wanted to throw up. And then all of a sudden you get this warm, sort of pleasant feeling all over. Kind of, "Hey, yeah, all right. That's cool." No. That is not cool. It is a road to dying.

PLAYBOY: How do you think you managed to avoid getting hooked by heroin?

JOHNSON: Because that's the big lie. It's the lie I was talking about. I want to make a point of it because it is a big lie that continues. The lie is: "It's okay to do coke because you can't really get addicted to coke. But *heroin*. . . We all know what happens with that. You end up going out and robbing supermarkets to support your habit." We justified doing everything, being addicted to pot, cocaine and alcohol, and said we were okay because we weren't addicted to heroin. "Cocaine's cool, man." Cocaine was the elite drug. We know that's bullshit now.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel then about all the reports about the increase in drug use?

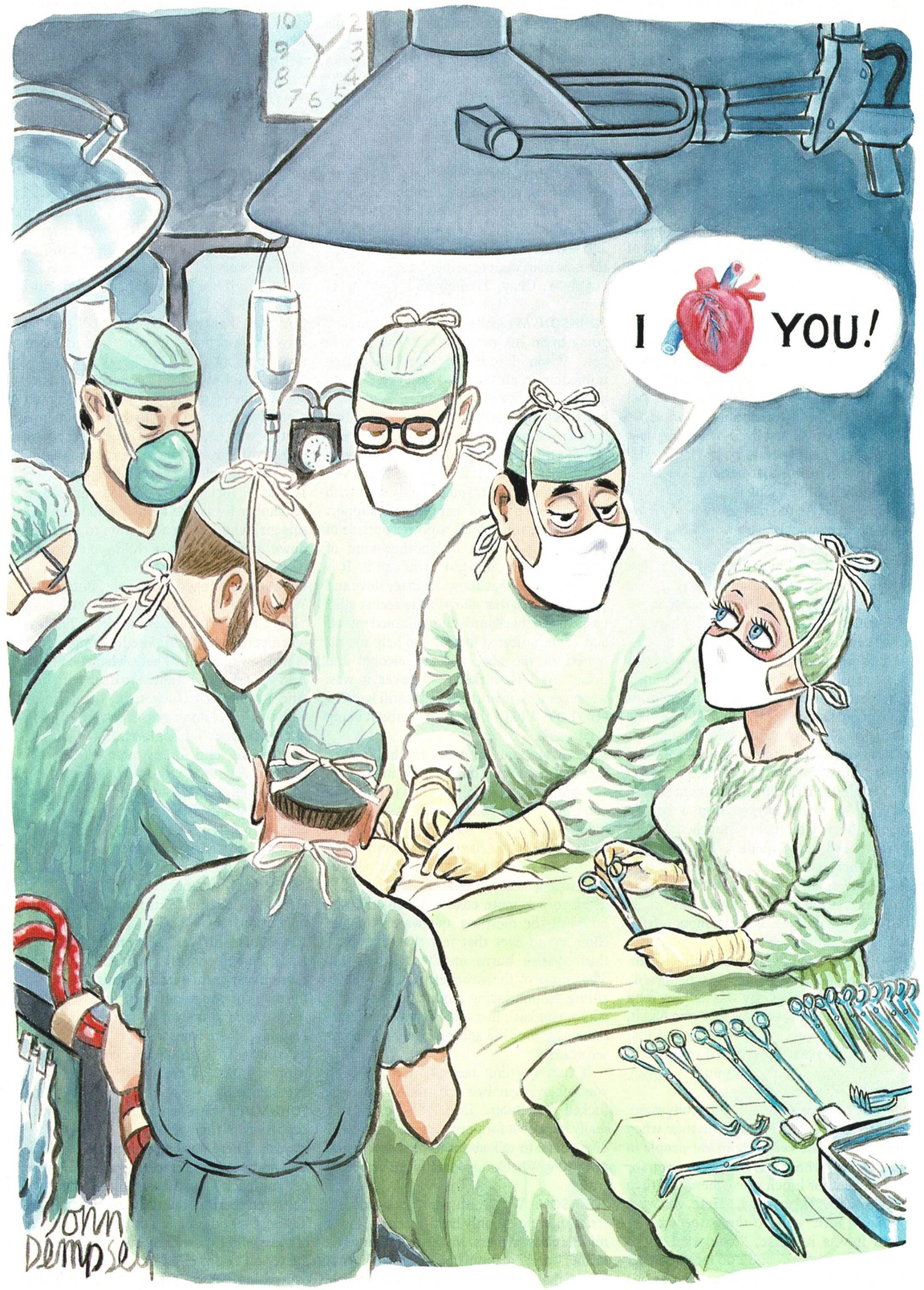
JOHNSON: The increase is with everybody who didn't do it then. Remember when you were in school there was always the fast crowd? Well, I was always part of that fast crowd. So the fast crowd did whatever it was first and then it hit the masses. School is just a microcosm of society. There's the crowd that's supposedly in the know and then there's the masses and then there's the nerds, you know. The happening crowd starts it and then the masses pick it up and then the nerds bring up the rear — God bless 'em, we need 'em all. But that's kind of the way it is in society, too. It's an epidemic now because all the people that were cool kind of made it look so attractive and glamorous to do it. It has hit the masses and then they, too, will see that it is nowhere. The attractive thing will be to be straight.

PLAYBOY: Do you think some drugs are OK, in moderation — say a joint for an evening out?

JOHNSON: I can't. Maybe I will be able to someday. . . No, that's the disease talking. I have this thing that I do with my buddy Dickie Betts, who is clean, too. We say, "One of these days I'm gonna throw a party and I'm going to get the biggest pile of cocaine and the biggest pile of pot, a big bottle of Jack Daniels, a whole tub full of beer, every pill you can think of! Yes, sir. Some day I'm gonna have me a party — *but not today*." [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You *do* sound nostalgic.

JOHNSON: Listen, people talk about wars that way, too. We're strange creatures in that way. We focus on the tragic things. That's why we like movies that deal with stuff like that, because those things affect us the most profoundly. You go back over your



life and you don't necessarily think about the sweet, nice women. You remember the ones that took your heart and drop-kicked it. And you have to remember some of it and laugh. But thank God I'm still around to laugh.

PLAYBOY: Most of this drug period was when you lived in Los Angeles. How could you afford the lifestyle? Cocaine isn't cheap — at least it wasn't.

JOHNSON: I never had a problem, because people that have money like to buy cocaine and give it and share it with people who are fun to be with, and apparently I was a lot of fun to be with. When I started out to become an actor 20 or so years ago, when I came to LA from San Francisco, I started out to become an actor or a singer or whatever, no matter what. And for most of that time it *was* no matter what. It was the underside of what is happening now. A lot of years I was making under the national poverty level in income. Some years I did well, but mostly I just lived by my wits and by whoever happened to be buying dinner that night. During that period, you could seemingly live like a king in LA on the same income — below the national poverty level — that anywhere else you would be kicked through the goalpost of life.

PLAYBOY: Yeah, but most people in LA earning less than the national poverty level don't live like kings. What are you saying?

JOHNSON: I don't know. I did. There are some people that can think on their feet. At the risk of sounding immodest, I guess I was just one of those people who could tell a funny story at the appropriate moment or be a good listener at another appropriate moment. That's generally what it amounts to. I was fairly enterprising and I knew how to get by in one way or the other. There was always the reliable unemployment if you worked so many days within a certain quarter for you to qualify, but there were a lot of times I didn't qualify. But you make money here and there. I probably put a house and a couple of Mercedes up my nose but I always made money somehow.

PLAYBOY: Were you making money from acting?

JOHNSON: Yeah, acting or one street scam or another. A T-shirt deal or just being able to hook people up. A guy was looking for a piece of art and I found the guy who had it. It's keeping your eyes open. It's not that difficult to make money. And if you were in that circle, coke is always around.

PLAYBOY: What circle?

JOHNSON: I don't kiss and tell. Hollywood. It was everywhere. There was a time when there were some very prominent people in the business who it was not uncommon for you to meet for lunch somewhere and then after lunch for them to say, "Here, you want to take a little walk to the bathroom?" I mean it was just like, "You want to go powder your nose?" and I do mean powder your nose. It was like dessert.

PLAYBOY: Was it hard to live in LA after you managed to clean up your act?

JOHNSON: It's the funniest thing. People who, when I was getting high, wouldn't give me the time of day, couldn't wait to try and give me some blow when it got around that I was straight. It's really sick. They don't want you climbing out of a hole and mirroring back how desperate and sick it really is. Sick? After some time, I would do some and say, "Why am I doing this? I just get anxious, paranoid, schizophrenic, psychotic, and neurotic." You know that joke of George Carlin's? You do a hit of cocaine and it'll make you feel like a new man. Only the new man wants another hit.

PLAYBOY: Okay. So how did you finally stop?

JOHNSON: My girlfriend Patti was already going to an AA program and I went with her. When I quit, I quit everything immediately, all at once. I don't want to do another fucking confessional about drugs, but I feel strongly about it. It's no easy feat getting sober. Anybody that can do it is a hell of a human being, and in all immodesty I say that, because it is *not easy*. When you can manage to do it, you can only do it with the help of a lot of people and support groups and, most of all, a power outside of yourself, be it God or another kind of spiritual liaison, whatever you call it. It is the same force that allows us to feel love and the same force that allows us to feel at all. I tapped into that source and humbled myself and communicated in a way to help me rid myself of the obsession for alcohol and drugs. And it worked. Whatever it was, whatever it is, it worked, and it still works.

PLAYBOY: What's the best part about being off drugs?

JOHNSON: You can't do anything when you're fucked up. You can bullshit yourself and think you're doing a bunch of shit, and you think you're going real fast and making a lot of headway. But basically you're spinning your wheels and not remembering it. I got so bored with it that almost anything would have taken its place. If I listen to one more coke rap until the wee hours of the morning and watch the sun come up to eyes that feel that they have third degree burns on them I will die. That's one of the strongest images I have: sitting around facing a bunch of people to whom you have just told the most intimate secrets of your life and probably will never see again.

If that startling realisation won't keep you sober, then brother, you *need* to be fucked up. Boom. Done. There. Now I really hope that for purposes of interviews I don't have to talk about all this ever again.

PLAYBOY: What kind of family did you come from?

JOHNSON: We were poor, not poverty stricken, but certainly hard-working, lower middle class farmers. My grandfather was a farmer and a minister, which is not uncommon where I'm from. That whole time in my life provided a great foundation. I was on this farm until I was about four or five, and then we moved away to a small town in Kansas. My father got work at an aircraft factory. He's a master mechanic, a master carpenter, all that.

PLAYBOY: You became the scandal of the University of Kansas by moving in with your drama teacher.

JOHNSON: We had this wonderful, wonderful, lovely relationship. Ed Hastings from the American Conservatory Theatre [*ACT*] in San Francisco came down to direct an opera by Stravinsky. Both this woman and I auditioned for him and were hired to join ACT. I worked in the mailroom at ACT when *Your Own Thing* came to town and I copped the understudy role.

PLAYBOY: This was the late '60s. Were you involved in anti-Vietnam war demonstrations?

JOHNSON: I was so self-involved and naive at that time I participated in some things on a purely social level. If there was someone that I was seeing who happened to be extraordinarily attractive and she was on her way to a rally, I would have joined her. It was a social thing. San Francisco. I remember I was like 17 or 18 and there was this girl who I'd been wanting to, like, get down with, this flower child, you know. I was a dork from the sticks at the time. I might have smoked a little pot, but drugs? Whoo, bad stuff, man. So this girl said, "Hey, Don, I got some acid." This was when people were supposedly jumping out of windows and shit. That's what you heard. And she asked if I wanted to drop with her. And I went, "Oh, fuck, man, I want to be with this girl. I don't give a fuck if I do jump out a window." I said, "Sure, man." It didn't take long for us to lose the other person who was with us. We ended up traipsing all around town, riding the trolleys to Fisherman's Wharf, seeing San Francisco completely peaked out. We ended up going by the Masonic temple at daybreak with the sun coming up and we ended up back at her place making love.

PLAYBOY: Right. This was the sexual revolution, too.

JOHNSON: Shit, yes. I was on the front line. I was the bugler. Talk about AIDS; well in those days, yeah, sure, you might pick up the crabs or you might even get a dose. But [*claps hands*] it was a three-day deal. Anyway, where were we?

PLAYBOY: In San Francisco, the '60s, tripping out. Were there more such experiences?

JOHNSON: I wasn't one of those people who kept track of their acid trips, but I got into it, yeah. There was one time when I'd done acid and peyote, and me and a buddy were coming back from Lake Tahoe, where we had been roaring, man. By the time we left Tahoe, every dealer and pimp and manager of every hotel knew us by our first names — knew all our children, our ex-wives, everything. The only thing we had left was a

(continued on page 108)

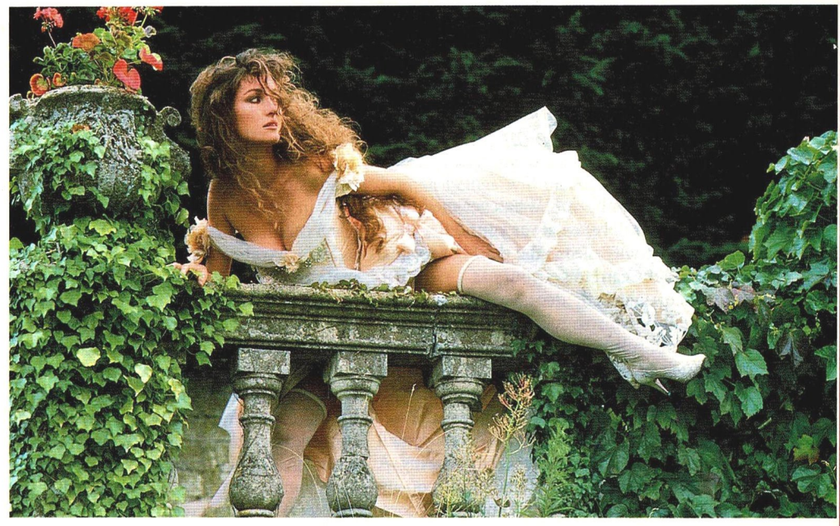
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

ENCHANTRESS

Jane Seymour's spirited portrayals of naughty ladies have clinched her the title of uncrowned wicked queen of the mini-series. For our cameras, however, she's casting a very beautiful spell.

Jane Seymour is imbued with such inimitable style that one admiring producer has called her "a dangerous actress". She's seen here sashaying in a romantic gown created for her by London designer David Emanuelle, who also designs regal trifles for Princess Di. At top left, she's pictured with Lee Horsley in the TV mini-series *Crossings* and, left, she stars in the monumental *War And Remembrance*. Moviegoers may recall her as the virtuous Solitaire to Roger Moore's 007 in *Live And Let Die*. Her luminous star quality really began to shine when she played opposite Christopher Reeve in *Somewhere In Time*.

Lounging around her stately home from balustrade to bed like a Victorian vixen or any of the classic heroines she seems a natural to play, Jane luxuriates in heaps more of that gauzy finery by Emanuelle. It's a far cry from her appearance as a female monster in a TV *Frankenstein.* When questioned about her limited success on the wide screen, Jane eloquently replies: "Most feature films today are for 17-year-olds, prize-fighters or vigilantes . . . the best roles are in TV." All we can say, Jane, is we'll stay firmly tuned.



MOTORING *(continued from page 86)*

The vehicle of the future will be about the most stimulating, affordable device on earth.

finger or thumbprint. Whatever method is used, cars will be as safe as your teller card, which virtually means the thief has to steal you and the card to get your car.

Once unlocked, doors will open automatically — in stages if necessary (just ajar, half-stop, full-open). The basic technology for such a system is already included in the alarm/stopwatch of your wristwatch.

In the Future Shock sportscar, the lie-down driving couch and ultra-low body will make for some special access engineering. A likely solution is a combination of pop-up half-roof panels and vertical-opening doors.

Since tolls will be paid automatically by electronic register (your car will have an electronic computer code) and the cabin will be hermetically sealed and climate-controlled, there will be no need to wind windows and sample the polluted air outside. If you choose to ignore the warnings, or go for a country drive, electronics will move panels about strategically to ventilate the cockpit naturally.

Once you punch in "Luke Skywalker" and gain access, you'll find a surprisingly familiar cockpit. Sure, the steering wheel will probably be cut in half (light aircraft-style tiller), but there will be regular seats (mega-adjustable, heated, compressor-filled air cushions to conform to your torso shape), a dashboard with an elementary-looking display panel, a centre console, and most likely even a gearlever and some reasonably familiar push-buttons.

But you will note some essential differences. First the seats will be thrust well forward so your feet will be closer to the nose. If there are rear seats, they will be forward too. The engine will be behind or under the rear floor, near the rear axle, which will also be forward.

When you put your command code into the operation computer (it may be voice-activated) the display panels will light up and reveal any irregularities. Since most functions will be self-corrected, this will be confined to emergency failures.

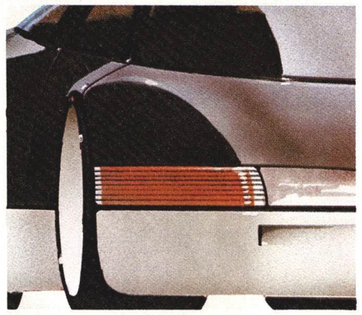
On a small console computer you will feed in the code number for your destination (much like a street directory but with more detail — say, Map 112, A9 Ref33X). The viewing screen will then show simple instructions such as next left or straight ahead, by a system of international symbols, most of which you will be familiar with. Satellite navigational beaming will direct you to your destination, even correcting and adjusting for wrong-turns.

Seat-belt retractors will automatically deliver sophisticated restraint harness, most likely a four-point system, similar to that used in racing cars (which are six-point). Even cabbies will have to comply.

For extra safety, airbags will automatically inflate in the event of a substantial impact. These will cushion the movement of the body, particularly the head, to prevent whiplash.

Most of the vehicle functions will be handled automatically — things such as headlights on and windscreen wipers. And conventional glass cleaning may disappear with low-friction material and ideas like ultra-sonics which will shake-shed water droplets from the screen.

But you may still expect to move a gear lever to change speed ratios (although even manual transmission, if retained, will be



clutchless, the clutch being operated electronically by moving the lever).

All the necessary controls will be at your fingertips, most incorporated in the steerer. This will cover cruise controls and radio/stereo volume set or channel-change (more advanced models will operate on voice-command), plus other items. With electronic operation you'll practically only have to think and you'll get what you want.

One of the major changes from current machines will be hidden from view. This is the electronic operation of controls — most direct-link mechanical systems will be eliminated. For example the steering will electronically control the direction change of the front (and sometimes rear) wheels. There will be no mechanical link — so no "heavy" steering, and no steering shaft to come stabbing into the cockpit in a serious accident. Same for the brakes and throttle — which will operate by remote control or electronic signal.

The rear-vision mirror (not a video screen) will be multi-prismatic and incorporated in the body design. Perhaps a rooftop console will view the road behind, reflecting the image on to a sensitised panel on the windscreen. Like current mirrors, which are adjustable for glare, advanced mirrors will be adjustable from wide angle (to avoid backing over a toddler or pushbike in the driveway) to zoom (check that mysterious car with the roof gear way behind).

Instrumentation will be head-up type with no instrument panel as we know it, but rather a sensitised panel in the glasswork directly in the driver's line of sight. A press-button or review control on the steering will switch this from speed to tacho (sports driver) to monitoring (travelling distance on remaining fuel etc), or it may be left in the random review mode, frequently flipping from one function to another. Like the rear-view mirror, this will be automatically adjusted to the driver's eye height on entry, along with seat position, leg and arm reach, steering wheel height and the rest.

The cockpit is likely to incorporate exciting communication systems based around the cellular phone concept (in basic form, not far from local introduction). This will ultimately reduce phone communication mechanisms to a pocket-sized handpiece, transferable from home to car to office. Simply clip it in the car cradle, and talk hands-free anywhere in the world (automatic billing). Linked computer-telex and portable facsimile transceivers are already on the way to link to such systems.

The motivation systems for the vehicles of the future will have come a long way from today's tools, without changing fuel systems. The first things the next generation engines will shed are such items as carburettors (electronic engine management by injection will soon be the only method). Complicated tack-on pollution controls will disappear — engines will simply be designed to control/recycle emissions from the inside.

Batteries as we know them — heavy, bulky, inefficient gadgets — will be eliminated in favor of last-a-lifetime cells, possibly primed from time to time by invisible solar reception cells cast into the car's glazing. Because of the extensive use of low current-draw electronics and high-intensity low-current lighting systems, battery demand will be reduced.

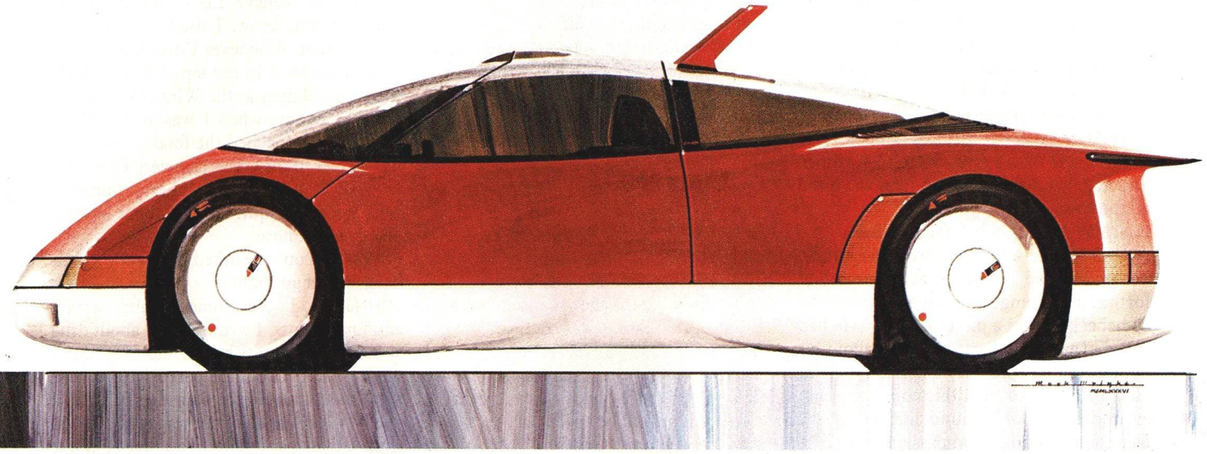
The engines themselves are likely to be plastic or ceramic. Successful prototypes have already been built, and only mass production techniques and refinements need to be applied. Such motors will need little cooling (thus eliminating traditional radiator grilles) and will require much less space for greater efficiency. Because the cars they power will be much lighter (say, less than 1000kg) they will provide more power and greater economy in a package perhaps smaller than a hatbox.

Six-speed transmissions will be a minimum requirement to extract the best performance from small-capacity, high-efficiency powerplants. Infinitely variable transmissions will continue to cater for all driving tastes. Another feature in many cars, and all the exotics, will be selectable two and four-wheel-drive modes, possibly automatically.

Safety will obviously be a high priority. Bounce-back body panels which absorb unbelievable levels of energy, smooth-finish interiors and advanced restraint devices (like airbags) will minimise the risk if an accident occurs. But a higher priority will be placed on avoiding the ugly scene in the first place.

As a start, ABS braking systems (anti-lock braking), now available on a restricted basis, will be developed to a high pitch and made mandatory on all cars. This may be combined with radar distance measuring equipment which could automatically kill speed if the driver of a vehicle gets too close to the one in front. Tailgating could be virtually eliminated.

Similarly, reactive radar could be used to prevent one driver steering his vehicle into another — either side-to-side (lane-changing) or head-on (by making an



"impossible" turn across the path of an oncoming vehicle). This is strictly future fantasy stuff — achievable but sure to be socially controversial.

Microcomputers could also be used to employ automatic headlight adjustment (forever eliminating the one-eyed search-light syndrome) and to progressively fade headlights from high to low beam on the rheostat principle for oncoming traffic.

The same system could adjust the intensity of warning lights (brakes, night lights, turn lights) according to ambient light values. High-level warning lighting could be built into the car anywhere — with the use of electronic strip-lighting. Whole side panels could be economically illuminated to guard against side-impact crashes.

From another view, there will be very little maintenance. Most equipment will be sealed-for-life and will be pretty well indestructible. For example there will be no cooling fluids (water or glycols) and the engines will be self-lubricating for life (no oil changes). Under-the-skin lubrication (greasing) will be eliminated with new super-plastic based suspension and drive-train components.

Components that might wear (say, brake pads) will do so according to a readable (by computer) level, allowing preventative maintenance to eliminate mechanical failure. Tuning (rarely required) will be by plug-in computer which will basically adjust the electronic black box (carburettors, electric points and emissions systems having been long discarded).

As you probably realise, the average service workshop can barely handle an elementary oil and grease change, let alone hi-tech service or component rebuild. Consequently, these will be built for life, and sealed, returnable to the factory (probably by warranty arrangement) and only exchangeable as total units.

Spare-parts bandits will be struck down by a minimum-demand situation — basically only serious mechanical faults and horror-crashes. You won't ever need a replacement windscreen (it will be unbreakable) and the tyres (automatically inflated from within the car system) will last perhaps 100,000km and be virtually puncture-proof (kevlar-style construction). You will never have to change a spare — run-flat tyres will take you thousands of kilometres even at high speed to the next tyre store.

Fail-safe systems will prevent you getting reverse from forward, over-revving the engine or blowing the diff. But you will probably still be able to drop it over a cliff, run into a concrete culvert or king-hit a bridge parapet at impossible speed.

Otherwise the manufacturer after-market will die completely. All of which will force the new vehicle purchase price inexorably upwards.

It needs little imagination to envisage how Big Brother might also utilise some of this equipment to monitor, control and tax the motorist. For example, radar systems could make red-light running impossible, or monitor/control speed, or automatically book and bill speedsters or law-breakers. Distance could be recorded and taxed along with usage, should fuel become such a premium item that trips are graded according to importance. Ultimately the automobile could be employed to monitor personal or business activities ranging from illegal dealings to who you are shacking up with.

But one thing is for sure: as certain as human beings will invent controls, others will come up with destruct and avoidance systems. In the next century, expect to be able to more scientifically avoid Big Brother. The "stealth" industry will become big business. For example, the same technology used to track a motorist can be used to trace the predator: at a price, you could turn the gun back on the bureaucrats.

As always, money will be the deciding factor and if livelihoods are to be lost, or commerce interfered with, the cost-efficiency of preventative measures will come into play. One can imagine an industry such as trucking or delivery or people-moving coming up with radar negating (or destruction) devices including jammers, shields and radar-proof coatings. Similarly, electronic management systems will become more and more vulnerable to computer crime — even in automobiles.

That's another negative aspect. On the up-side, the vehicle of the future will be about the most stimulating, affordable device on earth. It will be smoother, quieter, safer and cleaner, as well as more powerful and more efficient. Comfort will be a priority, and the machine will be more in touch with the environment and more resilient to its natural enemies.

But, more importantly, it will be close to the machine you already understand: no externally controlled navigation, no buried-in-the-ground direction systems, no electronic guideways and no bureaucratic mastermind (at least not behind the wheel).

For the automobile of the future, it's all systems go.

JOHNSON *(continued from page 100)*

I like bright people and usually they're social misfits or outcasts, some social deviate or other.

baggie full of mushrooms. We were trying to make it back to LA in one straight drive, me at the wheel. My buddy kept falling asleep. I handed him some mushrooms, ate a handful myself, and he went back to sleep. I'm trying to stay awake, change the radio stations, the windshield wipers going. Then the mushrooms come on. I'm going down the middle of the Mojave Desert about 160km/h, with the sunroof open, and I'm looking straight up into the heavens, tripping my butt off — I have no idea how long I was like that — when my friend wakes up. He absolutely flips out. I'm flying, staring at the stars at 160 km/h, and he wakes up reeling on mushrooms, screaming, "Stop the car!" Once again, it's amazing I wasn't killed.

PLAYBOY: What came next in your career?

JOHNSON: I went to Los Angeles for *Fortune And Men's Eyes,* which Sal Mineo directed. I auditioned for him and was hired on the spot.

PLAYBOY: What kind of man was he?

JOHNSON: He was a very troubled human being. He had a good deal of fame and fortune as a young child star and was on the comeback trail as a director/actor. He had suffered a lot of adverse publicity about his homosexuality and his hanging out with Hell's Angels. He had this enigmatic aura around him, but I found him to be the dearest, most giving, compassionate, understanding and extraordinarily talented human being. During the time that I was doing the play there were all kinds of stories and rumors that we were secretly lovers and all that, but it was never true.

PLAYBOY: You said he was obsessed with you.

JOHNSON: I think that Sal had an obsession for me, but he was always very respectful of my heterosexuality and my space, too, and was too much of a gentleman to let it get in the way. Anyway, the play was really well received and we were going to take it to New York, but I landed the title role in *Stanley Sweetheart,* a movie for MGM, which turned out to be a mistake.

PLAYBOY: Thus beginning the infamous decade of lousy movies and TV pilots and your trouble with drugs and alcohol. You also were married twice.

JOHNSON: And I can't talk about either time.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JOHNSON: I just won't comment.

PLAYBOY: Because?

JOHNSON: No comment.

PLAYBOY: The third time, you married Melanie Griffith and we presume you can talk about that one.

JOHNSON: Well, yeah. Everyone has. Her mother Tippie Hedren and I were doing a film together. Melanie was 14 and terribly precocious and I was 22. She went away to the Virgin Islands for a while and when she came back, she called me up and said [*in falsetto*], "Hi, Don, would you like to have lunch?" Melanie to this day has the highest voice of any adult in the civilised world. So that began just a whole relationship. I never intended to fall in love with Melanie. She literally picked me to be her first man.

PLAYBOY: And you were a willing initiator?

JOHNSON: Yeah. I discouraged her a couple of times, but then it was, you know, more than I could fend off.

PLAYBOY: Did it ever dawn on you that 14 was a little young?

JOHNSON: Well, yeah, the thought crossed my mind, even though I don't think that I was a terribly mature 22 at the time and she was an incredibly mature and precocious woman child. But I didn't want to go to jail over it.

PLAYBOY: And in fact some state rape laws now apply to women under 21.

JOHNSON: I think that's fairly absurd. I don't know what the age of consent ought to be, but in this case, *I* was coerced. We got married when she was 18. A couple of times we had broken up over dumb things, but we would invariably get back together because we couldn't bear to be apart.

PLAYBOY: Before Griffith, you dated Pamela DeVines and, of course, Patti D'Arbanville, with whom you have a son, was your last girlfriend. Pamela has said the four of you are good friends and she called you "sort of our John Derek". How do you feel about that?

JOHNSON: Yeah. It really is funny, because we are all friends and Patti and Ms Pamela and Melanie all hang out together. They're three extraordinary women, and I think it's more a credit to their sophistication and worldliness and the fact that they're just classy ladies than anything to do with me. I certainly didn't contrive it to be that way. Sometimes it can be very disconcerting to be around three women that know you very well.

PLAYBOY: You and D'Arbanville have a son. How are you handling that?

JOHNSON: We spend the holidays together a lot as a family unit. We don't try to pretend that it's all together, but we spend time together. We're very protective of him. We don't flaunt our other relationships, not that it would cause a problem if one of us ever gets serious about someone else. It's just we don't want him to get the feeling that it's just okay to have multiple lovers all the time. I think it's confusing, and it's tough enough being a child and it's tough enough being a child of a celebrity and it's tough enough being a child of a divided home without having all that other added stuff to deal with.

PLAYBOY: You've said you naturally gravitate toward social misfits. Is that still true today?

JOHNSON: It's pretty true. I like bright people and usually they're social misfits or outcasts or outlaws, some social deviate of some sort or other. Because if they've managed to survive, then there's usually something very colorful about them and very interesting. I like survivors. Yet I can go to dinner at the White House, man [*broad grin*] and have a blast.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about dinner at the White House.

JOHNSON: Come on! Get out of here: a farm boy at dinner at the White House with Dutch and Nancy? Let's face it. It was fantastic, you know. I used to joke about shit like that. Whenever I'd spill a drink or drop some food in my lap, I'd go, "Well, there goes dinner at the White House." So needless to say, when I was at the White House, I approached the food on my plate like a viper in the grass. [*Laughs*] There was no way that those little cherry tomatoes were going to squirt out of there and hit Nancy in the nose.

PLAYBOY: You've worked on Nancy's anti-drug campaign, right?

JOHNSON: I did some public service announcements. I wrote a piece about drug abuse for the county health line. If we don't do something about the pervasive drug use and abuse in America I am fearful that it will be the downfall of our way of life. It will show up in generations to come and the quality of living will suffer. But more than this Gestapo-like attitude, I think the real steps have to be made in the educational process and in law enforcement and the deglamorisation of it.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried that your workaholic drive could come from the same kind of addictive personality that allowed you to get hooked on alcohol and drugs?

JOHNSON: Yeah, there's something to that, but I'm not suicidal, though there are probably a few people out there that would disagree. Basically I have a lust for living. I only ask that it not be boring, because that's one thing I cannot accept. But I don't think it'll get boring. As long as I keep pushing the way I want to go.

PLAYBOY: How far will you push?

JOHNSON: When I'm out on my boat, which is one of the ways that I let it blow out, I like to go 130 km/h out across the ocean, as fast as I can get the boat to go. It's probably the same way I used to do it when I was getting high. There are times I can actually feel the sensation of the wind blowing through my aura, revitalising me. I get that rush and it feels like — there are no limits at all. *That's* how far.

"You will become wealthy, travel across water, meet a beautiful raven-haired woman and contract a social disease."

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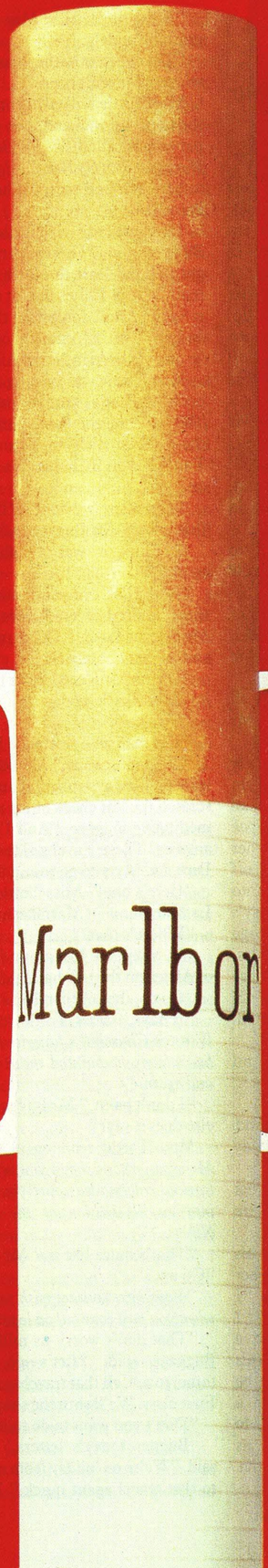

WARNING — SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD LEO BURNETT PML P 0573 CC2246/85

"Soon we're goin' to 'ave over a 'undred accounts in our names," Mr Buggage had said to Miss Tottle.

all of Mr Buggage's bank accounts and all of her own and then deciding into which of them the latest cheques should be paid. Mr Buggage, you see, at this particular moment, had exactly 66 different accounts in his own name and Miss Tottle had 22. These were scattered around among various branches of the big three banks, Barclays, Lloyds and National Westminster, all over London and a few in the suburbs. There was nothing wrong with that. And it had not been difficult, as the business became more and more successful, for either of them to walk into any branch of these banks and open a current account, with an initial deposit of a few hundred pounds. They would then receive a cheque book, a paying-in book and the promise of a monthly statement.

Mr Buggage had discovered early on that if a person has an account with several or even many different branches of a bank, this will cause no comment by the staff. Each branch deals strictly with its own customers and their names are not circulated to other branches or to head office, not even in these computerised times.

On the other hand, banks are required by law to notify the Tax Office of the names of all clients who have deposit accounts containing one thousand pounds or more. They must also report the amounts of interest earned. But no such law applies to current accounts because they can earn no interest. Nobody takes any notice of a person's current account unless it is overdrawn or unless, and this seldom happens, the balance becomes ridiculously large. A current account containing, let us say, £100,000, might easily raise an eyebrow or two among the staff, and the client would almost certainly get a nice letter from the manager suggesting that some of the money be placed on deposit to earn interest. But Mr Buggage didn't give a fig for interest and he wanted no raised eyebrows either. That is why he and Miss Tottle had 88 different bank accounts between them. It was Miss Tottle's job to see that the amounts in each of these accounts never exceeded £20,000. Anything more than that might, in Mr Buggage's opinion, cause an eyebrow to raise, especially if it were left lying untouched in a current account for months or years. The agreement between the two partners was 75 percent of the profits of the business to Mr Buggage and 25 percent to Miss Tottle.

Miss Tottle's Daily Audit involved examining a list she kept of all the balances in all those 88 separate accounts and then deciding into which of them the daily cheque or cheques should be deposited. She had in her filing-cabinet 88 different files, one for each bank account, and 88 different chequebooks and 88 different paying-in books. Miss Tottle's task was not a complicated one but she had to keep her wits about her and not muddle things up. Only the previous week they had to open four new accounts at four new branches, three for Mr Buggage and one for Miss Tottle. "Soon we're goin' to 'ave over a 'undred accounts in our names," Mr Buggage had said to Miss Tottle at the time.

"Why not 200?" Miss Tottle had said.

"A day will come," Mr Buggage said, "when we'll 'ave used up all the banks in this part of the country and you and I is goin' to 'ave to travel all the way up to Sunderland or Newcastle to open new ones."

But now Miss Tottle was busy with her Daily Audit. "That's done," she said, putting the last cheque and the paying-in slip into its envelope.

"'Ow much we got in our accounts all together at this very moment?" Mr Buggage asked her.

Miss Tottle unlocked the middle drawer of her writing-table and took out a plain school exercise-book. On the cover she had written the words *My Old Arithmetic Book From School.* She considered this a rather ingenious ploy designed to put people off the scent, should the book ever fall into wrong hands. "Just let me add on today's deposit," she said, finding the right page and beginning to write down figures. "There we are. Counting today, *you* have got, in all the 66 branches, £1,320,643, unless you've been cashing any cheques in the past few days."

"I haven't," Mr Buggage said. "And what've you got?"

"*I* have got £430,725."

"Very nice," Mr Buggage said. "And 'ow long's it taken us to gather in those tidy little sums?"

"Just 11 years," Miss Tottle said. "What was that teeny weeny proposal you were going to put to me, lover?"

"Ah," Mr Buggage said, laying down his gold pencil and leaning back to gaze at her once again with that pale, licentious eye. "I was just thinkin'. . . here's exactly what I was thinkin'. . . why on earth should a millionaire like me be sittin' 'ere in this filthy, freezin' weather when I could be reclinin' in the lap of luxury beside a swimmin' pool with a nice girl like you to keep me company and flunkeys bringin' us goblets of iced champagne every five minutes?"

"Why indeed?" Miss Tottle cried, grinning widely.

"Then get out the book and let's see where we 'aven't been."

Miss Tottle walked over to a bookshelf on the opposite wall and took down a thickish paperback called *The 300 Best Hotels In The World Chosen By Rene Lecler.* She returned to her chair and said, "Where to this time, lover?"

"Somewhere in North Africa," Mr Buggage said. "This is February and you've got to go at least to North Africa to get it really warm. Italy's not 'ot enough yet, nor is Spain. And I don't want the flippin' West Indies. I've 'ad enough of them. Where 'aven't we been in North Africa?"

Miss Tottle was turning the pages of the book. "That's not so easy," she said. "We've done the Palais Jamai in Fez...and the Gazelle d'Or in Taroudant...and the Tunis Hilton in Tunis. We didn't like that one..."

"'Ow many we done so far altogether in that book?" Mr Buggage asked her.

"I think it was 48 the last time I counted."

"And I 'as every intention of doin' all three 'undred of 'em before I'm finished," Mr Buggage said. "That's my big ambition and I'll bet nobody else 'as ever done it."

"I think Mr Rene Lecler must have done it," Miss Tottle said.

"Oo's he?"

"The man who wrote the book."

"'Ee don't count," Mr Buggage said. He leaned sideways in his chair and began to scratch the left cheek of his rump in a slow, meditative manner. "And I'll bet 'ee 'asn't anyway. These travel guides use any Tom, Dick and 'Arry to go round for 'em."

"Here's one!" Miss Tottle cried. "Hotel La Mamounia in Marrakesh."

"Where's that?"

"In Morocco. Just around the top corner of Africa on the left-hand side."

"Go on, then. What does it say about it?"

"It says," Miss Tottle read, *"This was Winston Churchill's favorite haunt and from his balcony he painted the Atlas sunset time and again."*

"I don't paint," Mr Buggage said, "What else does it say?"

Miss Tottle read on: *"As the liveried Moorish servant shows you into the tiled and latticed colonnaded court you step decisively into an illustration of the 1001 Arabian Nights..."*

"That's more like it," Mr Buggage said. "Go on."

"Your next contact with reality will come when you pay your bill on leaving."

"That don't worry us millionaires," Mr Buggage said. "Let's go. We'll leave tomorrow. Call that travel agent right away. First class. We'll shut the shop for 10 days."

"Don't you want to do today's letters?"

"Bugger today's letters," Mr Buggage said. "We're on 'oliday from now on. Get on to that travel agent quick." He leaned the other way now and started scratching his right buttock with the fingers of his right hand. Miss Tottle watched him and Mr Buggage saw her watching him but he didn't care. "Call that travel agent," he said.

"And I'd better get us some travellers cheques," Miss Tottle said.

"Get 5000 quid's worth. I'll write the cheque. This one's on me. Give me a cheque-book. Choose the nearest bank. And call that 'otel in wherever it was and ask for the biggest suite they've got. They're never booked up when you want the biggest suite."

•

Twenty-four hours later, Mr Buggage and Miss Tottle were sunbathing beside the pool at La Mamounia in Marrakesh and they were drinking champagne.

"This is the life," Miss Tottle said. "Why don't we retire altogether and buy a grand house in a climate like this?"

"What do we want to retire for?" Mr Buggage said. "We got the best business in London goin' for us and personally I find that very enjoyable."

On the other side of the pool a dozen Moroccan servants were laying out a splendid buffet lunch for the guests. There were enormous cold lobsters and large pink hams and very small roast chickens and several kinds of rice and about 10 different salads. A chef was grilling steaks over a charcoal fire. Guests were beginning to get up from deck-chairs and mattresses to mill around the buffet with plates in their hands. Some were in swimsuits, some in light summer clothes, and most had straw-hats on their heads. Mr Buggage was watching them. Almost without exception, they were English. They were the very rich English, smooth, well-mannered, overweight, loud-voiced and infinitely dull. He had seen them before all around Jamaica and Barbados and places like that. It was evident that quite a few of them knew one another because at home, of course, they moved in the same circles. But whether they knew each other or not, they certainly *accepted* each other because all of them belonged to the same nameless and exclusive club. Any member of this club could always, by some subtle social alchemy, recognise a fellow-member at a glance. Yes, they say to themselves, he's one of us. She's one of us. Mr Buggage was not one of them. He was not in the club and never would be. He was a *nouveau* and that, regardless of how many millions he had, was unacceptable. He was overtly vulgar and that was unacceptable, too. The very rich could be just as vulgar as Mr Buggage, or even more so, but they did it in a different way.

"There they are," Mr Buggage said, looking across the pool at the guests. "Them's our bread and butter. Every one of 'em's likely to be a future customer."

"How right you are," Miss Tottle said.

Mr Buggage, lying on a mattress that was striped in blue, red and green, was propped

up on one elbow, staring at the guests. His stomach was bulging out in folds over his swimming-trunks and droplets of sweat were running out of the fatty crevices. Now he shifted his gaze to the recumbent figure of Miss Tottle lying beside him on her own mattress. Miss Tottle's loaf-of-bread bosom was encased in a strip of scarlet bikini. The bottom half of the bikini was daringly brief and possibly a shade too small and Mr Buggage could see traces of black hair high up on the inside of her thighs.

"We'll have our lunch, pet, then we'll go to our room and take a little nap, right?"

Miss Tottle displayed her sulphurous teeth and nodded her head.

"And after that we'll do some letters."

"Letters?" she cried. "I don't want to do letters! I thought this was going to be a holiday!"

"It *is* a holiday, pet, but I don't like lettin' good business go to waste. The 'otel will lend you a typewriter. I already checked on that. And they're lendin' me their *'Oo's Oo.* Every good 'otel in the world keeps an English *'Oo's Oo.* The manager likes to know 'oo's important so 'ee can kiss their backsides."

"They won't find *you* in it," Miss Tottle said, a bit huffy now.

"No," Mr Buggage said. "I'll grant you that. But they won't find many in it that's got more money'n me neither. In this world, it's not 'oo you are, my girl. It's not even 'oo you know. It's what you *got* that counts."

"We've never done letters on holiday before," Miss Tottle said.

"There's a first time for everything, pet."

"How can we do letters without newspapers?"

"You know very well English papers always go airmail to places like this. I bought a *Times* in the foyer when we arrived. It's actually the same as I was workin' on in the office yesterday so I done most of my 'omework already. I'm beginning to fancy that piece of lobster over there. You ever seen bigger lobsters than that?"

"But you're surely not going to *post* the letters from here, are you?" Miss Tottle said.

"Certainly not. We'll leave 'em undated and date 'em and post 'em as soon as we return. That way we'll 'ave a nice backlog up our sleeves."

Miss Tottle stared at the lobsters on the table across the pool, then at the people milling around, then she reached out and placed a hand on Mr Buggage's thigh, high up under the bathing-shorts. She began to stroke the hairy thigh. "Come on, Billy," she said, "why don't we take a break from the letters same as we always do when we're on hols?"

"You surely don't want us throwing away two or three thou a day, do you?" Mr Buggage said. "And quarter of it yours, don't forget that."

"We don't have the firm's notepaper and we can't use hotel paper, for God's sake."

"I brought the notepaper," Mr Buggage said, triumphant. "I got a 'ole box of it. *And* envelopes."

"Oh, all *right*," Miss Tottle said. "Are you going to fetch me some of that lobster, lover?"

"We'll go together," Mr Buggage said, and he stood up and started waddling around the pool in those almost knee-length bathing-trunks he had bought a couple of years back in Honolulu. They had a pattern of green and yellow and white flowers on them. Miss Tottle got to her feet and followed him.

Mr Buggage was busy helping himself at the buffet when he heard a man's voice behind him saying, "Fiona, I don't think you've met Mrs Smith-Swithin...and this is Lady Hedgecock."

"How d'you do"..."How d'you do," the voices said.

Mr Buggage glanced round at the speakers. There was a man and a woman in swimming-clothes and two elderly ladies wearing cotton dresses. Those names, he thought. I've heard those names before, I know I have...Smith-Swithin...Lady Hedgecock. He shrugged and continued to load food on to his plate.

A few minutes later, he was sitting with Miss Tottle at a small table under a sun-umbrella and each of them was tucking into an immense half-lobster. "Tell me, does the name Lady 'Edgecock mean anything to you?" Mr Buggage asked, talking with his mouth full.

"Lady Hedgecock? She's one of our clients. Or she was. I never forget names like that. Why?"

"And what about a Mrs Smith-Swithin? Does that also ring a bell?"

"It does, actually," Miss Tottle said. "Both of them do. Why do you ask that suddenly?"

"Because both of 'em's 'ere."

"Good God! How d'you know?"

"And what's more, my girl, they're together! They're chums!"

Mr Buggage told her how he knew. "There they are," he said, pointing with a fork whose prongs were yellow with mayonnaise. "Those two fat old broads talkin' to the tall man and the woman."

Miss Tottle stared, fascinated. "You know," she said, "I've never actually seen a client of ours in the flesh before, not in all the years we've been in business."

"Nor me," Mr Buggage said. "One thing's for sure. I picked 'em right, didn't I? They're rollin' in it. That's obvious. And they're stupid. That's even more obvious."

"Do you think it could be dangerous, Billy, the two of them knowing each other?"

"It's a bloody queer coincidence," Mr Buggage said, "but I don't think it's dangerous. Neither of 'ems ever goin' to say a word. That's the beauty of it."

"I guess you're right."

"The only possible danger," Mr Buggage said, "would be if they saw my name on the register. I got a very unusual name just like theirs. It would ring bells at once."

"Guests don't see the register," Miss Tottle said.

"No, they don't," Mr Buggage said. "No one's ever goin' to bother us. They never 'as and they never will."

"Amazing lobster," Miss Tottle said.

"Lobster is sex food," Mr Buggage announced, eating more of it.

"You're thinking of oysters, lover."

"I am not thinking of oysters. Oysters is sex food, too, but lobsters is stronger. A dish of lobsters can drive some people crazy."

"Like you, perhaps?" she said, wriggling her rump in the chair.

"Maybe," Mr Buggage said. "We shall just 'ave to wait and see about that, won't we, pet?"

"Yes," she said.

"It's a good thing they're so expensive," Mr Buggage said. "If every Tom, Dick and 'Arry could afford to buy 'em, the 'ole world would be full of *sex maniacs.*"

"Keep eating it," she said.

●

After lunch, the two of them went upstairs to their suite where they cavorted clumsily on the huge bed for a brief period. Then they took a nap.

And now they were in their private sitting-room and were wearing only dressing-gowns over their nakedness, Mr Buggage in a plum-colored silk one, Miss Tottle in a pastel-pink and pale green. Mr Buggage was reclining on the sofa with a copy of yesterday's *Times* on his lap and a *Who's Who* on the coffee table.

Miss Tottle was at the writing-desk with a hotel typewriter before her and a notebook in her hand. Both were again drinking champagne.

"This is a prime one," Mr Buggage was saying. "Sir Edward Leishman. Got the lead obit. Chairman of Aerodynamics Engineering. *One of our major industrialists,* it says."

"Nice," Miss Tottle said. "Make sure the wife's alive."

"*Leaves a widow and three children,*" Mr Buggage read out. "And — wait a minute — in *'Oo's Oo* it says, *Recreations, walkin' and fishin'. Clubs, White's and the Reform.*"

"Address?" Miss Tottle asked.

"The Red House, Andover, Wilts."

"How do you spell Leishman?" Miss Tottle asked. Mr Buggage spelled it.

"How much shall we go for?"

"A lot," Mr Buggage said. "He was loaded. Try around nine 'undred."

"You want to slip in *The Compleat Angler*? It says he was a fisherman."

"Yes. First edition. Four 'undred and twenty quid. You know the rest of it by 'eart. Bang it out quick. I got another good one to come."

Miss Tottle put a sheet of notepaper into the typewriter and very rapidly she began to type. She had done so many thousands of these letters over the years that she never had to pause for one word. She even knew how to compile the list of books so that it came out to any sum Mr Buggage thought the client would stand. One of the secrets of this particular trade, as Mr Buggage knew, was never to be too greedy. Never go over a thousand quid with anyone, not even a famous millionaire.

The letter, as Miss Tottle typed it, went like this:

WILLIAM BUGGAGE — RARE BOOKS
27a Charing Cross Road,
London.

Dear Lady Leishman,

It is with very great regret that I trouble you at this tragic time of your bereavement, but regretfully I am left with no alternative in the circumstances.

I had the pleasure of serving your late husband over a number of years and my invoices were always sent to him care of White's Club, as indeed were many of the little parcels of books that he collected with such enthusiasm.

He was always a prompt settlor and a very pleasant gentleman to deal with. I am listing below his more recent purchases, those which, alas, he had ordered in more recent times before he passed away and which were delivered to him in the usual manner.

Perhaps I should explain to you that publications of this nature are often very rare and can therefore be rather costly. Some are privately printed, some are actually banned in this country and those are more costly still.

Rest assured, dear madam, that I always conduct business in the strictest confidence. My own reputation over many years in the trade is the best guarantee of my discretion. When the bill is paid, that is the last you will hear of the matter, unless of course you happen to be able to lay hands on your late husband's collection of erotica, in which case I should be happy to make you an offer for it.

To Books:

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. Isaak Walton, First Edition, Good clean copy. Some rubbing of edges. Rare. £420

LOVE IN FURS. Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, 1920 Edition. Slip cover. 75

SEXUAL SECRETS. Translation from Danish. 40

HOW TO PLEASURE YOUNG GIRLS WHEN YOU ARE OVER SIXTY. Illustrations. Private printing from Paris. 95

THE ART OF PUNISHMENT — THE CANE, THE WHIP AND THE LASH. Translated from German. Banned UK. 115

THREE NAUGHTY NUNS. Good clean edition. 60

RESTRAINT — SHACKLES AND SILKEN CORDS. Illustrations. 80

WHY TEENAGERS PREFER OLD MEN. Illustrations. American. 90

THE LONDON DIRECTORY OF ESCORTS

NEW from WOLF BLASS WINES
Cool
Wolf Blass Winemakers are continually evaluating wine styles and trends.
Over the last few years we have been experimenting with a dry white chablis style wine.
Clean
Grape varieties, vineyard areas, and harvesting time were all considered before this blend was created.
Cool, Clean and Crisp was the specification given to our wine-makers to meet.
Crisp
A new wine in the Wolf Blass portfolio is a very rare occurrence. Careful consideration is given to all experimental blends. Most stay experimental.
This wine I am proud to release and I recommend its traditional style for those who prefer a cool, clean, crisp dry white wine.
Try Australia's newest chablis style.
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WOLF BLASS
WHITE LABEL

AND HOSTESSES. Current edition. 20
Total now due £995

Yours faithfully,
William Buggage

"Right," Miss Tottle said, running the notepaper out of her typewriter. "Done that one. But you realise I don't have my Bible here, so I'll have to check the names when I get home before posting the letters."

"You do that," Mr Buggage said.

Miss Tottle's Bible was a massive card-index file in which were recorded the names and addresses of every client they had written to since the beginning of the business. The purpose of this was to try as nearly as possible to ensure that no two members of the same family received a Buggage invoice. If this were to happen, there would always be the danger that they might compare notes. It also served to guard against a case where a widow who had received one invoice upon the death of her first husband might be sent another invoice on the death of the second husband. That, of course, would let the cat right out of the bag. There was no guaranteed way of avoiding this perilous mistake because the widow would have changed her name when she remarried, but Miss Tottle had developed an instinct for sniffing out such pitfalls, and the Bible helped her to do it.

"What's next?" Miss Tottle asked.

"The next is Major General Lionel Anstruther. Here 'ee is. Got about six inches in *'oo's Oo. Clubs, Army And Navy. Recreations, Ridin' to 'ounds.*"

"I suppose he fell off a horse and broke his flipping neck," Miss Tottle said. "I'll start with *Memoirs Of A Foxhunting Man,* first edition, right?"

"Right. Two 'undred and twenty quid," Mr Buggage said. "And make it between five and six 'undred altogether."

"Okay."

"And put in *The Sting Of The Ridin' Crop.* Whips seem to come natural to these fox-huntin' folk."

And so it went on.

•

About a month after their return from Marrakesh, on a wet and rainy afternoon in March, Mr Buggage was reclining comfortably in his office with his feet up on the top of his fine partners' desk, dictating to Miss Tottle some details about a deceased and distinguished admiral. "*Recreations,*" he was saying, reading from *Who's Who,* "*Gardening, sailing and stamp-collecting —*" At that point, the door from the main shop opened and a young man came in with a book in his hand. "Mr Buggage?" he said.

Mr Buggage looked up. "Over there," he said, waving toward Miss Tottle. "She'll deal with you."

The young man stood still. His navy-blue overcoat was wet from the weather and droplets of water were dripping from his hair. He didn't look at Miss Tottle. He kept his eyes on Mr Buggage. "Don't you want the money?" he said, pleasantly enough.

"She'll take it."

"Why won't you take it?"

"Because she's the cashier," Mr Buggage said. "You want to buy a book, go ahead. She'll deal with you."

"I'd rather deal with *you*," the young man said.

Mr Baggage looked up at him. "Go on," he said. "Just do as you're told, there's a good lad."

"You *are* the proprietor?" the young man said. "You *are* Mr William Buggage?"

"What if I am," Mr Buggage said, his feet still up on the desk.

"Are you or aren't you?"

"What's it to you?" Mr Buggage said.

"So that's settled," the young man said. "How d'you do, Mr Buggage." There was a curious edge to his voice now, a mixture of scorn and mockery.

Mr Buggage took his feet down from the desk-top and sat up a trifle straighter. "You're a bit of a cheeky young bugger, aren't you," he said. "If you want that book, I suggest you just pay your money over there and then you can 'op it. Right?"

The young man turned toward the still-open door that led to the front of the shop. Just the other side of the door there were a couple of the usual kind of customers, men in raincoats, pulling out books and examining them.

"Mother," the young man called softly. "You can come in, Mother. Mr Buggage is here."

A small woman of about 60 came in and stood beside the young man. She had a trim figure for her age and a face that must once have been ravishing, but now it showed traces of strain and exhaustion, and the pale blue eyes were dulled with grief. She was wearing a black coat and a simple black hat. She left the door open behind her.

"Mr Buggage," the young man said. "This is my mother, Mrs Northcote."

Miss Tottle, the rememberer of names, turned around quick and looked at Mr Buggage and made little warning movements with her mouth. Mr Buggage got the message and said as politely as he could, "And what can I do for you, madam?"

The woman opened her black handbag and took out a letter. She unfolded it carefully and held it out to Mr Buggage. "Then it will be you who sent me this?" she said.

Mr Buggage took the letter and examined it at some length. Miss Tottle, who had turned right round in her chair now, was watching Mr Buggage.

"Yes," Mr Buggage said. "This is my letter and my invoice. All correct and in order. What is your problem, madam?"

"What I came here to ask you," the woman said, "is, are you sure it's right?"

"I'm afraid it is, madam."

"But it is so unbelievable . . . I find it impossible to believe that my husband bought those books."

"Let's see now, your 'usband, Mr . . . Mr . . . er . . . "

"Northcote," Miss Tottle said.

"Yes, Mr Northcote, yes, of course, Mr Northcote. 'Ee wasn't in 'ere often, once or twice a year maybe, but a good customer and a very fine gentleman. May I offer you, madam, my sincere condolences."

"Thank you, Mr Buggage. But are you really quite certain you haven't been mixing him up with somebody else?"

"Not a chance, madam. Not the slightest chance. My good secretary over there will confirm that there is no mistake."

"May I see it?" Miss Tottle said, getting up and crossing to take the letter from Mr Buggage. "Yes," she said, examining it, "I typed this myself. There is no mistake."

"Miss Tottle's been with me a long time," Mr Buggage said. "She knows the business inside out. I can't remember 'er ever makin' a mistake."

"I should hope not," Miss Tottle said.

"So there you are, madam," Mr Buggage said.

"It simply isn't *possible*," the woman said.

"Ah, but men will be men," Mr Buggage said. "They all 'ave their little bit of fun now and again and there's no 'arm in that, is there, madam?" He sat confident and unmoved in his chair, waiting now to have done with it. He felt himself master of the situation.

The woman stood very straight and still, and she was looking Mr Buggage directly in the eyes. "These curious books you list on your invoice," she said, "do they print them in Braille?"

"In what?"

"In Braille."

"I don't know what you're talking about, madam."

"I thought you wouldn't," she said. "That's the only way my husband could have read them. He lost his sight in the last war, in the Battle of Alamein more than 40 years ago, and he was blind for ever after."

The office became suddenly very quiet. The mother and her son stood motionless, watching Mr Buggage. Miss Tottle turned away and looked out of the window. Mr Buggage cleared his throat as though to say something, but thought better of it. The two men in raincoats, who were close enough to have heard every word through the open door, came quietly into the office. One of them held out a plastic card and said to Mr Buggage, "Inspector Richards, Serious Crimes Division, Scotland Yard." To Miss Tottle, who was already moving back toward her desk, he said, "Don't touch any of those papers, please, Miss. Leave everything just where it is. You're both coming along with us."

The son took his mother gently by the arm and led her out of the office, through the shop and on to the street.

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

I am normally the shy, quiet type of bloke who doesn't attract women easily, but I have found that if I slip a few rums under my belt (about 30!), I tend to become more open and less inhibited. This also seems to change my appearance and I become more attractive to women. But the main problem comes later, when we're in bed making love. You guessed it: the drinking man's curse, brewer's droop. No matter what I do the bloody thing just lies there all limp. I've tried everything. I've taken vitamins, exercised, I eat well, sleep well, don't worry much about anything, except this, but all to no avail. I can make love to a lady all night without using my penis but it would be a little more exciting if I could use it. Please, don't tell me to give up my rum; you need it in the outback!

— P.C., NT.

What sort of woman do you think I am? As if I'd tell a man to give up his rum! What I don't understand is why you can't use the rum for the wooing and then save the action for a later date when you are a trifle more sober — surely for that second round you could limit the rums to half a dozen or so? Perhaps where you are it's all a matter of hit and run — you woo them, bed them and then move on. In this case the ladies in question are never likely to experience you at your best. Brewer's droop will get you every time.

But surely there are some who are prepared to hang around until you have sobered up? I must say you sound perfectly capable of keeping them interested in the meantime. I certainly wouldn't mind a man who was prepared to make love to me all night while he was waiting for the curse to disappear.

What you have to do is give us women credit for a little common sense. We *know* about brewer's droop. We don't expect men to be able to perform under such circumstances. So concentrate on the romancing, on making a good impression while you are in your cups and convinced you look quite devastating. You could either act the gentleman that first time around — or if you feel under pressure to make a move, simply explain seductively that tonight you are not capable of doing justice to such a passionate creature but tomorrow is another, more sober day. A man who knows his limitations and presents them in a manner that is flattering is far more attractive than the heavily boozed groper who tries ineffectively to rise to the occasion.

A year ago I had a relationship with a girl, but it was stilted in that the girl had psychological problems as a result of a previous bust-up. I am a 21-year-old male who comes from a very conservative family where sex was almost considered disgusting, and never to be experienced before marriage. Hence I was a very late developer. As a result only heavy petting took place with that girl and no actual intercourse. I found myself losing interest.

I had no problems turning myself on mentally, so I presumed the problem was caused by frustration. This year I began a new relationship with a girl whom I find sexy and I like. The first time I had intercourse I hoped the previous problems would not occur, but

during intercourse I just turned off. Things have gone from bad to worse, and now I find it impossible to get excited enough to attempt intercourse. This is crazy as I find her sexy. It has to be psychological, because afterwards I have no trouble fantasising about her. Needless to say I am devastated. Am I condemned to a life of loneliness and celibacy? I feel confused and have started to question the value of my existence.

— M.G., Tas.

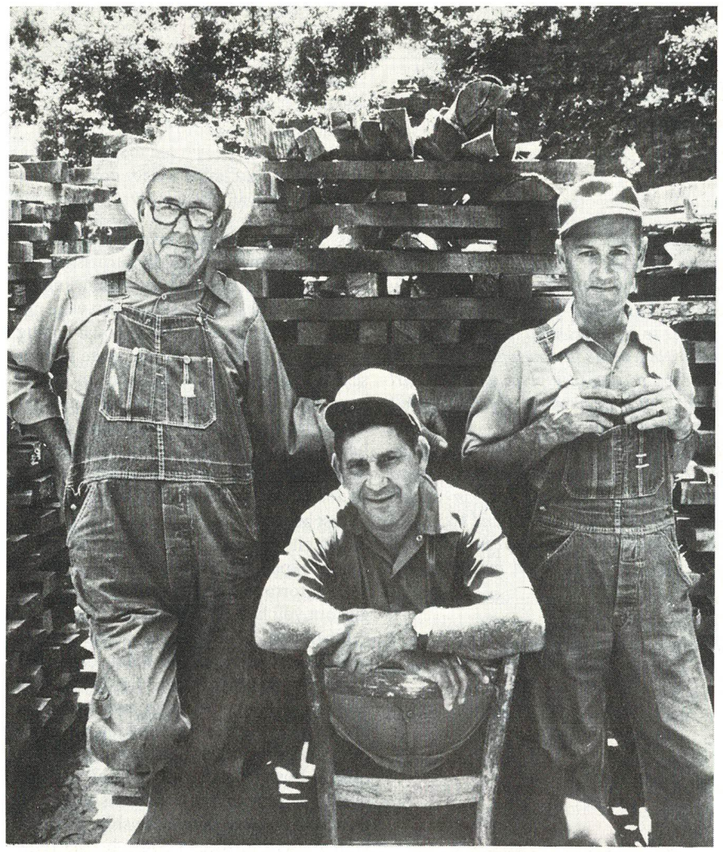
Given your background and recent history, you are being very tough on yourself in expecting to be able to overcome immediately all the concerns which are inhibiting your response. You have a lot of insight into your reactions. You realised you turned off during your first relationship due to your feelings of frustration and rejection. If your girlfriend had previously been involved in a sexual relationship and refused to have sex with you because she was still emotionally involved with her previous partner, it is hardly surprising you resented being rationed to certain limited sexual activities. It is a shame you were not able to experience a more equal loving relationship at this important stage in your sexual development. Even then you might have found it was difficult to throw off immediately the effects of growing up in a house where sexuality was regarded as disgusting. Such attitudes take a lot of undoing, even in the best of circumstances.

Just because you are now in a relationship with a girl you find sexy doesn't mean you should expect to recover immediately from such unfortunate experiences. You like this girl but you haven't told me whether she is sympathetic, or loving, or anything else about her attitudes to sex. What you need is a very gentle, sensuous and fun-loving lady who can take you in hand and teach you gradually to start to relax and just have fun in bed. So far it has all been a bit of an ordeal. But I'm sure that you *will* learn to overcome your present problems when you achieve that type of relationship. Perhaps your present girlfriend could be the right person to help you. Have you talked to her about what has happened to you, or are you keeping it all to yourself, just hoping each time that all your anxiety will magically disappear, leaving her confused and worried that she isn't arousing you? If you were to be totally honest with her, she might be delighted to help take the pressure off you. She'd probably be very relieved to learn it's not her fault that you are having difficulty responding. What you need to do is spend time together just taking turns to play with each other, explore each other's bodies, talk, have fun and deliberately avoid having intercourse. By banning intercourse for a while, you will learn to relax and take that pressure off your penis. You will find you will be able to have erections and to ejaculate once you stop monitoring your performance and worrying about failure. If your lady is not interested in helping you, she really isn't the right person for you at this stage. (If you still have problems, even with the right nurturing, don't worry, a therapist will be able to help you regain your sexual confidence. It's not a life sentence.)

Reading all the letters you get from men who are hung up about penis size it occurs to me that no one ever seems to talk about the other side of the coin, so to speak. Do vaginas vary in size? How big are they?

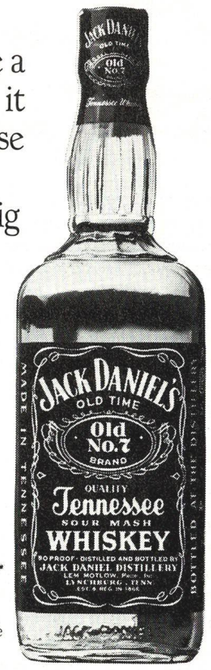
— H.L., ACT.

Just as penis size is a very variable



BATEMAN, BURNS AND BRANCH sound like Philadelphia lawyers. Actually, they're rickers from Tennessee.

There aren't many men who can take a stack of hard maple wood and burn it into tiny pieces of charcoal. But these three gentlemen can. And, after the charcoal is ground and packed into big vats, they make sure our whiskey is gentled down through it. If you're wondering what accounts for Jack Daniel's smoothness, give the credit to this charcoal. But don't overlook a trio of rickers named Bateman, Burns and Branch.



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quantity — your size erect and flaccid varies from time to time depending on your level of excitement, the temperature, all sorts of other factors — the vagina is also an extremely adaptable organ. Although many people think of the vagina as a hole with a specific size and shape, it is really a potential space. Like a pair of stockings, the untouched vagina is small when left alone and stretches to fit whatever is put inside it. If you put your fingers inside the vagina, you can feel that the walls are normally touching, your fingers have to push them aside. What is also confusing for many people is the fact that the vagina tilts backwards, away from the pubic bone.The front wall of the vagina is shorter than the back wall (anatomy books usually give the front wall at around 7½cm, while the back averages 9cm). These dimensions do vary from woman to woman, some having considerably shorter vaginas, some longer. But that's only the starting point, the vagina at rest.

During sexual stimulation the shape and size of the vagina vary considerably. It elongates, often by several centimetres, and there is sometimes a tenting effect as the walls of the vagina swell outwards, expanding the inner cavity considerably. There are all sorts of changes which can occur during intercourse as a result of the physiological changes which are part of the woman's response cycle, the different movements of the penis as it moves in and out of different portions of the vagina, and all the possible variations in the shape of the vagina which result from changes in sexual position. I'm sure most observant couples will notice just how much the vagina changes during lovemaking. It's an extremely versatile organ designed to experience and to provide an enormous range of sensations. Any one vagina comes in a multitude of sizes and can expand to accommodate penises of any shape and size.

A chance remark by my girlfriend has got me worried. We had just had a terrific session in bed and were lying there panting when she surprised me by asking me if I had climaxed. I would have thought it would have been really obvious to her that I had, although not from any screams of ecstasy since I'm rather quiet about such matters, and besides she was making so much noise she probably wouldn't have noticed. What surprised me was that I had assumed she would be able to feel me coming inside her. I suppose I got the idea from all those juicy novels where the heroine always feels "pulsating hot fluid filling her aching body". Is that all garbage? My girlfriend says she can never feel the ejaculate and that she is only aware of my orgasm through feeling the contractions of the muscles in my penis. Is that normal or is she just less sensitive than other women?

— L.P., Vic.

Your question reminds me of the story about the princess and the pea. Only the real

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princess was sensitive enough to feel the pea through all those piles of mattresses. I'd be interested in hearing from female readers about whether they are able to feel the ejaculate. I think most of us are more aware of the distinctive motions associated with ejaculation than the actual fluid. Those hot squirts of liquid are in fact a very similar temperature to our hot pulsating vaginas, so it is unlikely that we would feel very much. We have more nerve endings nearer the outside of the vagina and that's where we are more likely to perceive the presence of the ejaculate. Even then, the vagina can produce a fair amount of moisture on its own and so it isn't always possible to tell what's what. That's why men are able to get away with faking sometimes, provided they stay away from princesses.

HARD DRUG

In a recent column I mentioned the erection-inducing drug papaverine which is being used in injection form to help in the diagnosis and treatment of impotence. Judging from recent reports at the annual meeting of the American Urology Association, papaverine is gaining increasing acceptance as an alternative to the use of penile implants for the treatment of organic impotence.

The drug first made an appearance in print in 1982 when a letter was published in *The Lancet* from Dr Ronald Virag, director of the Centre For Study And Research On Impotence in Paris. Inspired by "an accidental intracavernous injection of papaverine during a surgical shunting procedure that produced a prolonged, fully rigid erection," he injected 45 impotent men with papaverine, a smooth-muscle relaxant, and achieved positive results in about half of the patients.

Initially there wasn't much response to the *Lancet* letter and papaverine attracted little attention until 1983 when Dr Giles Brindley literally dropped his pants at the annual Urology Association meeting and demonstrated to his colleagues just how effective the injection could be. Apparently this enterprising urologist delivered his entire lecture proudly displaying the erection-producing power of papaverine. "It was impressive. Oh yeah! No question of that," commented Dr Tom Lue, assistant professor of urology at the University of California at San Francisco, who became the first doctor in the USA to use papaverine to treat impotence. "Within 24 hours, everyone was talking about it." That's hardly a surprise!

The most recent urology conference produced more evidence of the effectiveness of the drug. Dr Adrian Zorgniotti reported he has now treated 324 impotent men with the drug. Of these, 248 had intercourse after their first injection. Only 135 of the men opted to learn how to inject themselves, the others decided they preferred implants or microsurgery as a solution to impotence.

Some of the other urologists at the conference are not happy with the idea of self-injection, fearing serious complications (and possible law suits) if patients mishandle the treatment. One danger is the risk of fibrosis, which is scarring of penile tissue, a condition which can cause its own erectile problems. Of Dr Zorgniotti's patients who were injecting themselves routinely, seven had fibrotic changes attributed to the medicine, but in three of those the changes disappeared despite further use of papaverine. Zorgniotti dispenses the drug on a monthly basis to his patients who are taught to inject themselves using disposable insulin syringes, alternating sides of the penis much as a diabetic is taught to rotate injection sites. The 61-year-old Dr Zorgniotti, who has tested the injection on himself, insisted it wasn't painful.

Dr Zorgniotti quotes the price of injectable potency at "around $200 per month". He cautions his patients not to inject themselves more than 10 times monthly, an arbitrary limit he has set to allow the penis time to recuperate and hence to lessen its chance of becoming fibrotic). This compares with between $3000 and $10,000 for the cost of a penile implant, which gives a permanent solution to the problem. Annually 15,000 to 20,000 men in the United States have implant operations and the arrival of papaverine is being greeted with some apprehension by manufacturers of the implants who are quick to point out the disadvantages of the new treatment. "My idea of foreplay is not sticking a needle into my penis," said one manufacturer. "Injection therapy is a good short-term treatment, but over the long haul I'd rather have an implant."

He really hasn't all that much to worry about at present. Papaverine has a long way to go before it gains general acceptance. But if all the risks are fully explored and potential problems ironed out, there is no doubt that papaverine could play an important role in impotence treatment. The problem at the moment in the United States is that often implant operations are performed as the first line of treatment on organically impotent men. At present, a vast amount of research is being conducted on surgical techniques to correct many of the causes of organic impotence, particularly vascular problems. Eventually these techniques may be able to restore potency to many men, provided they have not damaged the penile structures through implant surgery. Papaverine may provide an interim solution while we await the results of this ongoing research.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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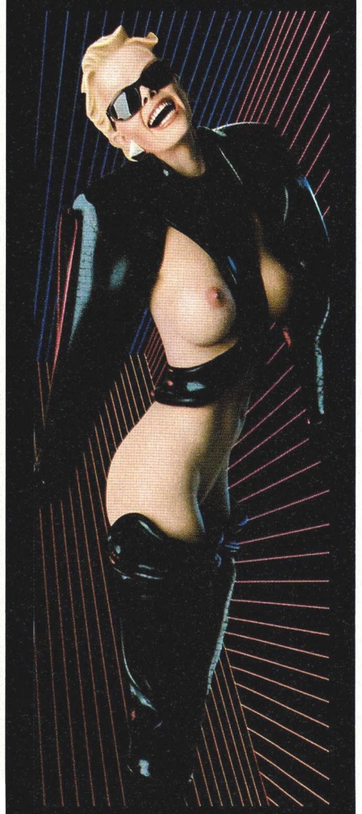

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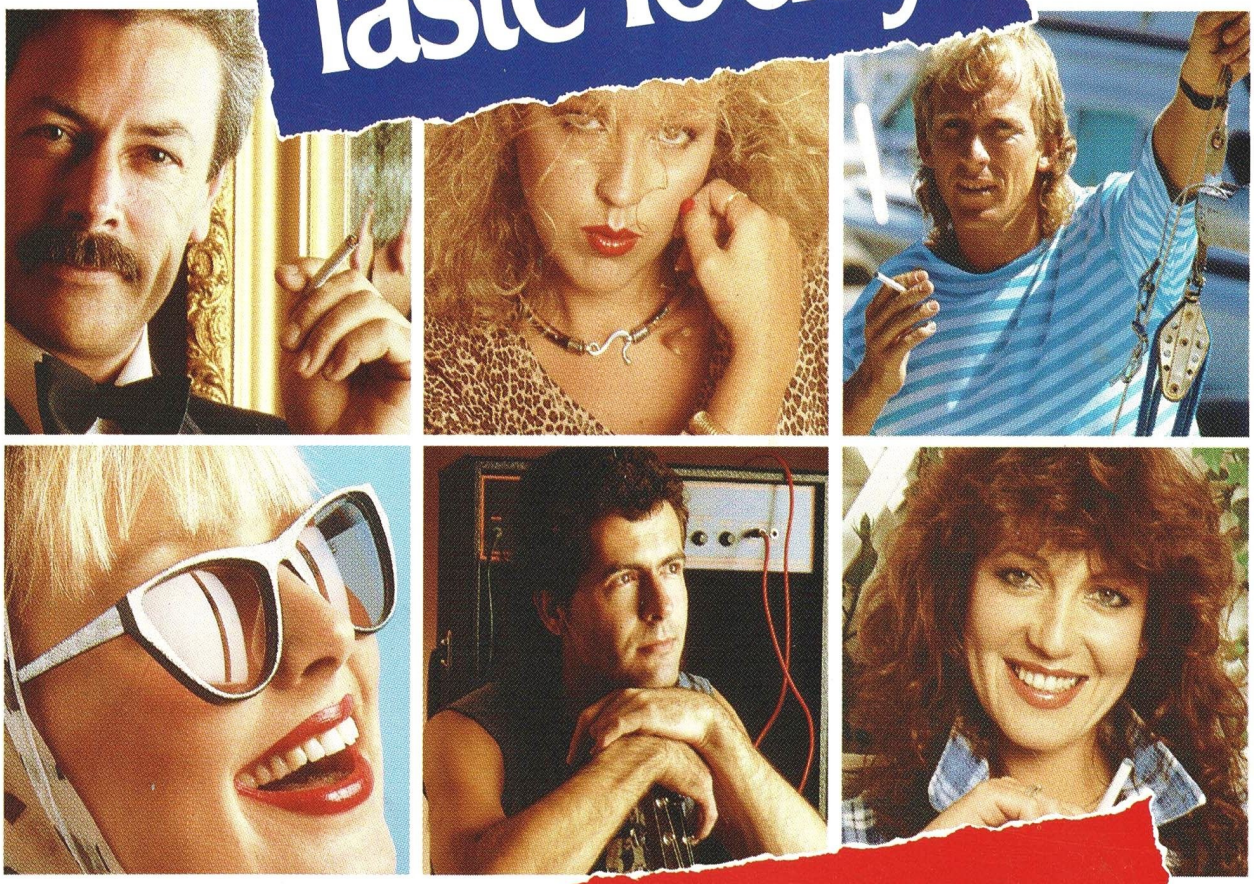

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